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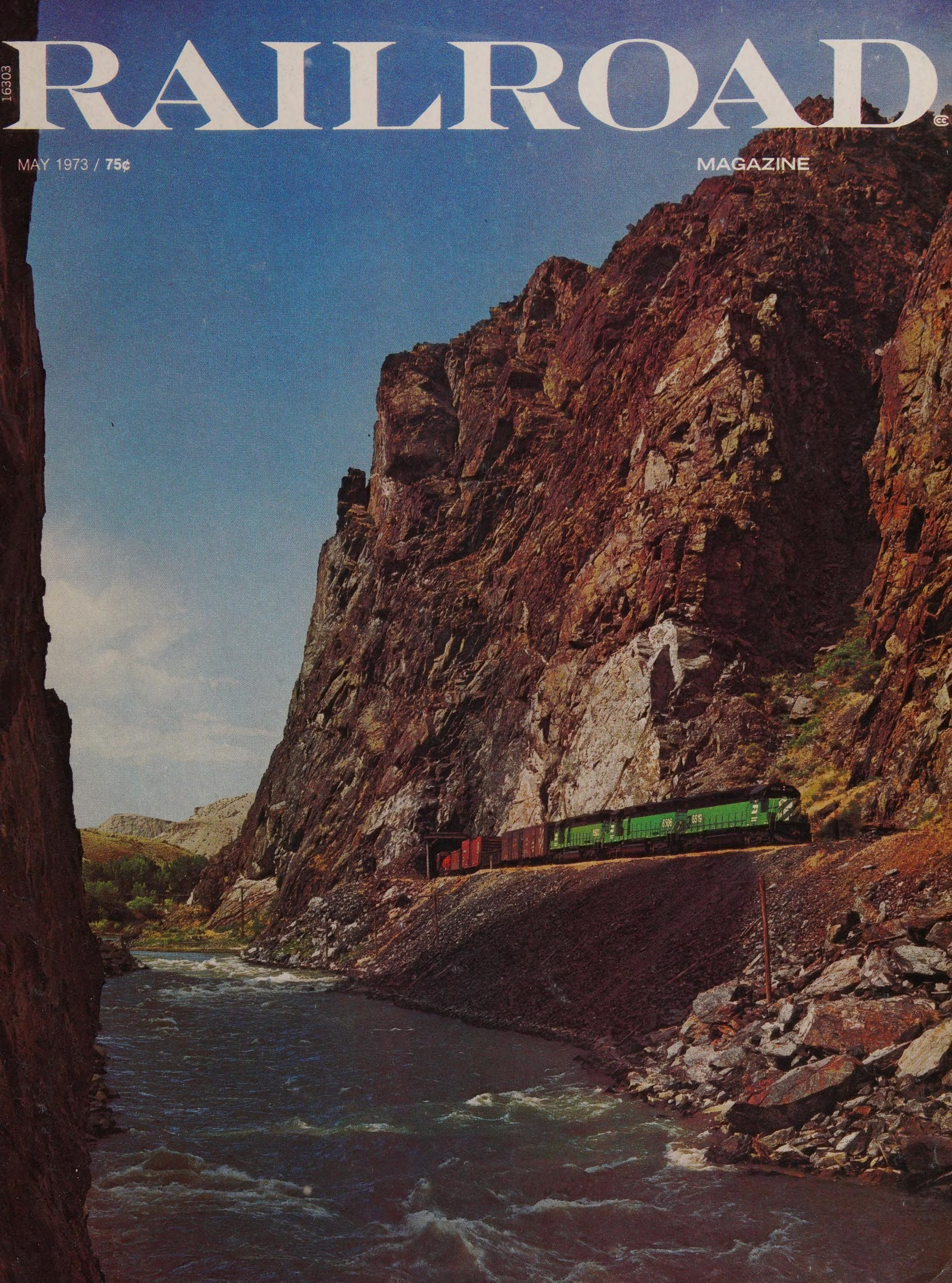

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Adventurous Railroading and Rail Hobbies — Founded 1906

VOL. 93, No. 6 MAY 1973

75 CENTS

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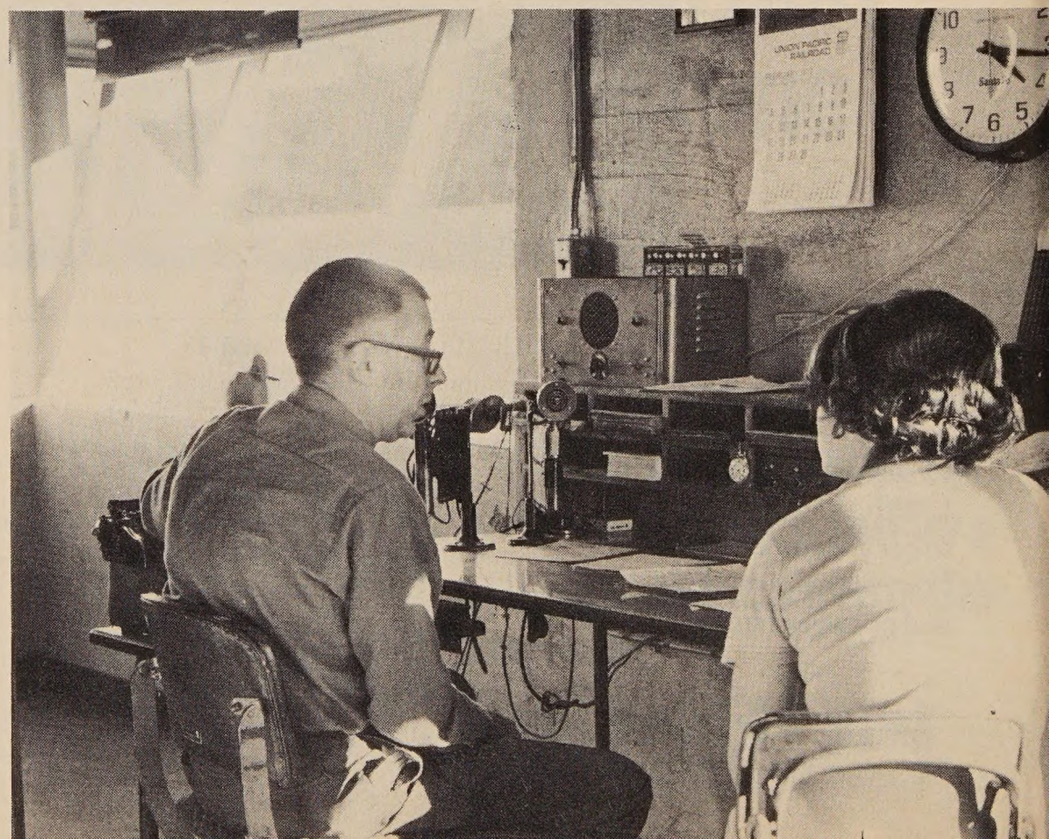

Next month's "Interesting Railfan," Chard Walker, a Santa Fe towerman at West Tower, Barstow, Calif., is seen with apprentice Georganne Hughes on Feb. 16, 1973, her first day with the Santa Fe. "George" is the only girl to start training at a Barstow tower, and is good-looking. But before the wolves start heading here, let it be known that she is married to a Santa Fe hostler; and the railway police have orders to keep out unauthorized persons.

THE MAIL CAR

where editors and readers meet

BURLINGTON NORTHERN freight train No. 77, on our front cover, threads through Wyoming's Wind River Canyon en route from Galveston, Texas, to Seattle, Washington. This color-shot was made originally for BN's 1972 calendar. The evening before, the road's photo crew had announced that they would try for a calendar picture in the canyon the following day. When morning came and the train and engine crews picked up northbound 77 at Bonneville, Wyoming, the enginemen on their own time affectionately wiped the diesels with dust cloths so they'd gleam brightly for the camera men. Says P.W. Stafford of the BN public relations staff: "It shows we have employes who take pride in their company."

PERSONALITIES. Arvilla K. Anderson, 25, is the first woman in the U.S. to qualify as a yardmaster and the first accepted for active membership in the Railroad Yardmasters of America, an AFL-CIO affiliate. Born in Broken Bow, Nebr., she attended a personnel training institute in Omaha, got a job in the CB&Q communications department there, and later transferred to Chicago. After the Burlington merged into the Burlington Northern, Arvilla became a yard clerk, then a relief yardmaster, and finally a full-blown yardmaster last September at Cicero, Illinois.

The bankrupt Boston & Maine has a new chief executive officer, Paul W. Cherington, a former professor of transportation at the Harvard Business School and a former U.S. assistant secretary of transportation. He succeeded John W. Barriger, one of our *Interesting Railfans,* whose B&M salary was $50,000 annually until he resigned last December 31st. Cherington reportedly gets $112,000 a year plus $8,000 in fringe benefits.

A grandfather of mine is a retired New Haven steam loco fireman who likes to smell coal smoke and hot oil. Recently we visited the two-foot-gage Edaville Railroad at the thick end of Cape Cod in this state. I enjoy reading the numerous old issues of *Railroad Magazine* stored in his basement.—John Smythe, 9 West St., Holbrook, Mass. 02343.

A woman who used to train horses for riding and for show lives beside Maine Central tracks in southwestern Maine. Her home is a haven for small wild animals and birds. Whenever a freight train passes by, she greets it with a wave or a light in remembrance of kindness shown to her by crew men when she was shipping horses from Chicago to New York in the 1930's. She rode in the stock cars with those horses to make sure they were well fed, watered, and otherwise cared for, and the crews shared their lunches with her. The lady is too shy to let her name be printed.—John B. Schofield, 335 North St., North Weymouth, Mass. 02191.

Another humane person unknown to us is a Penn Central trainman living in Elkhart, Ind., who saw a dog entangled in a barbed-wire fence as his train went by. Upon finishing his run, he drove 60 miles in his family car and freed the unhappy animal, reports Al Comstock, former editor of our *Information Booth.*

Carrying a .38 calibre revolver and holding a police commission in the State of Maryland, Helen Walker this past April marked 30 years' service with the B&O Railroad Police Department. At her desk she operates a transmitter which keeps contact with railroad police automobiles and walkie-talkies.

Last summer I worked as an engineer running a 3T Heisler on the Klamath Falls & Hoppow Valley. I had a 19-year-old girl as fireman and another girl as conductor; both did fine jobs. That Oregon shortline has two switchbacks and 8 percent grades. I look forward to operating steam there again on my next vacation.—Tom Moungovan, 411 Contra Costa, Point Richmond, Calif. 94807. (*Ed. note:* Maybe someone will send us photos of those two gals at work: one is on page 15.)

Where can I get information on B&O's old Chestnut Street station in Philadelphia? It burned down when I was a child and I've been living near its ruins for many years. I am full of curiosity to see a history of this depot, its floor and track plans, etc.—Andres Lenton, 2327 Spruce St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19103.

I have written a book, *Riding the Limiteds,* recalling some of my railroad experiences. Superior Publishing Co. of Seattle, Wash., says it will be available early this spring. I understand that the first printing was practically sold out before the book came off the press; a second printing is to be run.—Howard G. Hill, Col. USAR (ret.), 4315 57th Ave., Apt. 12, Bladensburg, Md. 27010.

A painting which contrasts the old and the new, a coal boat being towed down the old Delaware & Hudson Canal and a modern D&H diesel unit pulling a freight train, has been made by Manville B. Wakefield, art professor and historian, Box 999, Grahamsville, N.Y. 12740. Copies of it are being distributed for the upcoming D&H sesqui-centennial.

George M. Hart, one of our *Interesting Railfans,* is curator of the new Railroad Museum of Pennsylvania, now being built at Strasburg, Pa. The other day he accepted, on behalf of the museum, a gold railroad watch presented by Benjamin F. Young of Paxtang, Pa.

BONANZA FOR LAWYERS. "This is a lawyer's dream. It's like peeling an onion. For each skin of the onion you need a new lawyer." That remark, attributed to an anonymous attorney, refers to the Penn Central bankruptcy case, which the chief counsel to the bankrupt carrier's trustees has called the largest law case in history.

"I've never seen a case with so many large, complex, and unique problems," said Robert W. Blanchette, who is in charge of legal affairs for Penn Central's reorganization struggle. Professor Vern Countryman of Harvard Law School, an expert on bankruptcy, agreed. "It's a real bonanza," he said.

According to Israel Shenker, writing for *The New York Times* Service, three law firms acting as "special counsel" to the PC trustees were paid $989,000 for their services during the first year of the bankruptcy. Last year, he added, they were paid about $1.6 million.

Shenker reported that at some court hearings in which PC affairs were under scrutiny more than 100 lawyers were present. There was such a clamor by creditors for legal services, he wrote, that some small creditors went to the West Coast to find an attorney without a potential conflict of interest situation. According to Shenker, in bankruptcy cases the only people who must be paid are the lawyers. If anything is left after the legal fees have been satisfied, it is distributed among the creditors on a percentage basis.

In the PC bankruptcy case, we see a situation in which the carrier is losing anywhere from $100,000 to $1 million a day and is barred by court order from paying its bondholders, is excused from paying taxes, is permitted to hold off on repayment of millions of dollars in bank debts, and is not liable for restitution to those injured through the PC's negligence before it went into bankruptcy. But the lawyers get theirs.

We have moved to Graybar Building, 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017; but all subscriptions are still handled by Railroad Magazine, Portland Place, Boulder, Colo. 80320.

Assuming the above facts can be verified, isn't it about time Congress take action to prevent a raid on the Federal Treasury? Will the taxpayers be required to finance this segment of the Bar Association?—Reprinted from the *Locomotive Engineer.*

GEORGE P. BAKER, a PC trustee, says: "The time has arrived for the public to decide whether Penn Central shall continue in existence and, if so, under what form." Baker, who is a former dean of Harvard Graduate School of Business, told the National Transportation Institute that "1973 must be the year of decision for Penn Central" and "the decisions are those which government, mostly at the federal level, must make." He pointed out that if PC were permitted to rationalize its plant, remove unnecessary labor costs, and get full reimbursement for passenger service, "it could become a viable private enterprise able to generate net income, and enough net income to attract the necessary new investment from the private investment market."

"Government action of one kind or another is now indispensable if the railroad is to continue," Baker added. "We would prefer relief from our excess burdens. If this is not possible, then we favor a $600 million program of subsidies over a period of four years, with the possibility of another $200 million over an additional two years, until the railroad can develop earnings."

ACCORDING to *The Day,* a newspaper of New London, Conn., Penn Central's plea "to discontinue all rail passenger service except for some of its profitable commuter lines in Metropolitan New York has all the earmarks of another clever ploy to extract more cash from the public till with a minimum of accountability . . .

People like U.S. Sen. Lowell P. Weicker, R-Conn., keep working hard to obtain fresh funding for the rails. The Senator is confident that this will be the year the $6 billion dollar highway trust fund can be cracked to furnish money for rail transportation. People like Senator Weicker aren't helped at all by railroad managements more coy than competent.

A Senate Commerce Committee staff report, which went deeply into the ills of the railroads in an effort to diagnose the problems, found plenty of causes but put poor management at the top of the list . . . It makes no sense to pour money into railroads unless the managements are improved."

NEWSCAST. Stock in America's only employe-owned railroad, the Chicago & North Western, has shot up in value. The *Chicago Tribune* reports that shares in the road, sold originally to employes at $50 each are now "going as high as $300 a share" in sales by individuals.

Railroad Magazine has moved to the Graybar Bldg., 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017, which is next door to Grand Central Terminal. We're on the 25th floor. All our subscriptions and renewals are still being handled by the *Railroad Magazine* office at Portland Place, Boulder, Colorado 80302. Send 'em there.

Because packing general cargo in huge containers has made it easier to transport freight by rail, two Scandinavian shipping consortiums have abandoned service on the Great Lakes, but more than a dozen foreign-flag shipping lines are operating on the Lakes this year.

Continued shifts of mail from trains to trucks have drawn fire from the magazine *Modern Railroads,* which deplores the failure of the Federal Railroad Administration to protest the switch. That monthly publication points out that after the railroads lost most postal traffic that they had been hauling in passenger cars, they retained much bulk mail in fast piggyback trains. Recently many bulk-mail trains "have vanished like the old Railway Post Office cars," as the Postal Service switches more and more of this mail to trucks also.

The 60-mile railroad connecting Munsing with Marquette, Mich., has been filed for abandonment or other disposition by the Lake Superior & Ishpeming Railroad of Marquette, subject to ICC approval. It could be sol l in part to Trans Northern, Inc., of Calu met, thus remain a common carrier. TN owned and operated the Keweenaw Central steam tourist line at Calumet from 1967 through 1971.

"We've retained ownership of the KC's former C&NW steamer, No. 175, the only remaining Walschaert valve-geared Class R-1," writes Fred L. Tonne and Clint Jones, Jr., of Trans Northern, Inc., P.O. Box 3714, Milwaukee, Wis. 53217. "Also our Copper Range RR. No. 29, both Alco 1917, and our 400-hp diesel-electric motor M-35, which as No. 9735 was the CB&Q's last diesel motorbus."

Union Pacific set a new all-time record by moving over 51.8 billion ton-miles of freight last year. It's mighty impressive.

An engineering firm has made two valuations of the Reading Co., its subsidiaries and lessor companies as of Dec. 31, 1971, for use in bankruptcy proceedings. The first one estimates at $782,500,000 the reconstruction cost new, less depreciation. The second one sets $81,800,000 as net liquidation value (after estimated costs of liquidation). Neither estimate includes current assets or the Reading Terminal property.

The red diesel locomotive of the 4-mile Morehead & North Fork made its farewell run through the mountains of Rowan County, Ky., on January 17th. Founded in 1905 to operate over a 25-mile route to and from the Chesapeake & Ohio, the road quit hauling passengers in 1933 and cut its mileage to 4; but continued to use steam power for freight until 1967, being the last railroad in Kentucky to do so. Finally, its biggest shipper, a clay products plant, folded up, which eventually doomed the little M&NF to oblivion.

The Rock Island Railroad was fined $750 in U.S. District Court in Kansas City, Kan., for failing to report the discharge of an undetermined amount of diesel fuel into the Kansas River on July 13, 1971.

GIANT MERGERS of all major roads west of the Mississippi into four super-lines are urged upon the ICC by Nathan Klitenic, an ICC administrative law judge, to correct the "inefficiencies and inadequacies" of the Midwestern rail system. Judge Klitenic has been studying the consolidation of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific since 1966. Even if the ICC should like such mergers, it does not have the authority to impose them upon the railroads involved. Under the Klitenic plan, the four rail giants remaining in operation west of the Mississippi would be the Union Pacific, the Southern Pacific, the Santa Fe, and the Burlington Northern.

East of the Mississippi, rumor says that the Seaboard Coast Line, which—jointly with the Louisville & Nashville—leases the Clinchfield, has begun negotiations to fully take over that small bridge line in the Great Smoky Mts. If this move succeeds, the Clinchfield will probably join the long list of ghost lines now removed from the *Official Guide.*

ONE of our most popular contributors, Harley L. Kelso, steam locomotive historian and camera man, died January 30th at age 73. Harley was a close personal friend of Harry Bedwell, Bill Knapke, short-story writer Charlie Tyler, and "Haywire Mac." We were impressed by the warmth of his personality when he visited our office with his wife, Muriel. Early in life he fired coalburners on the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha (now C&NW). Later he worked 32 years for Firestone Tire & Rubber Co., but spent many of his happiest hours photographing railroad subjects and writing articles for us, including a dozen features on steam types, the last one being "The Mighty Mallet" (Aug. '55). He even wrote poetry, such as:

The new-mown hay adds a fine bouquet
To the breath of a western breeze
And there still is room for rich perfume
From a grove of orange trees.
Now mix these well with pungent smell
Of smoke from a Mallet's stack;
There, my friend, is the perfect blend
I found on a You Pee track.

Even while managing Firestone's mold and machine shop, Harley often recalled the years of youthful vigor when he tossed "real estate" into fuel-hungry fireboxes on the old Omaha Road. It was grueling, hard, sweaty toil, but he loved it. Never did like diesels. His widow lives at 3139 Hollypark Dr., Apt. 2, Inglewood, Calif. 90305. It's a lonely apartment these days.

Sadly we report the death of two other noted railfans. George W. Rothaar ("Bud"), who specialized in night shots of steam power, died from injuries due to a highway accident. So many people have been killed by autos that this machine has become an enemy of mankind. Over in England, Cecil J. Allen, prolific author of railway books, one of our *Interesting Railfans,* died at age 80.

RAIL RATES for hauling fresh potatoes in this country as a whole have risen 32 percent since 1967—due, of course, to inflation. So says the U.S. Department of Agriculture. But the Bangor & Aroostock in Maine, which depends largely on spuds for its very existence, is moving them today at the 1960 tariff. The road cut back its rates on this vital crop last year and reduced them even lower this year to lure traffic back to the rails. By doing so, it also contributed to holding the line on truck rates. While truck rates are higher because of speed and mobility, there is a point at which a shipper must weigh the price he's willing to pay for transit time. And the rail rates have been a stabilizing factor in keeping down transportation costs for Aroostook shippers.

The combination of low rates and improving rail service helped the BAR to move 4,200 carloads last year. Performance this season indicates an improvement over that figure.

"Without the lower rates," says Carroll Richardson, sales manager for Maine Potato Growers, Inc., the BAR's largest carload shipper of fresh spuds, "the truck rates would have gone out of sight and the railroad would have gone out of the potato business. That's something I never want to see."

FOR YEARS I have been gathering material on the railroad shopcrafts strike of 1922. I worked as a machinist, starting as an apprentice in 1905 and ending with the strike. At that time I was president of Local 469 of the Machinists' union. I have before me a dues book indicating that I became a member in January 1907 when my namesake, James O'Connell, was international president. Fifteen machinists from Local 469 were involved in the strike. I made a check in 1952 on what happened to them. I found that two had gone on to accumulate personal fortunes of $500,000, two over $100,000, and two around $75,000. At least one was a corporation executive. —E.L. O'Connell, 724 W. Cherry St., Nevada, Mo. 64772.

THE PRACTICE of handing up train orders through a caboose window is rare, although I've seen many a flimsy delivered to trains at speed both by the old hoop type and the newer "high-speed" fork. One day when I was secretary to the Santa Fe division superintendent at Las Vegas, N.M., our business car was coupled onto the rear of a westbound local freight. As we were leaving Chapelle, N.M., I stood on the rear platform, looking ahead, and saw the operator with some messages in the hoop (no train orders; the board was clear). Just as I was about to catch it, the track curved away from the station, the train picked up speed, the car lurched, and I missed it. I felt very foolish. No doubt the op cussed me out, as he had to repeat those messages, via Morse, down to the next open station, Ribera, where they were delivered but not by me.—Edward Mahoney, 5418 Ellsworth Ave., Dallas, Texas 76206.

Under certain conditions, the conductor or flagman "spears" train orders from open caboose windows. I am a Penn Central conductor. Our operator here at Anderson, Ind., located in a tower, is the busiest man on the system for miles around. He has a two-channel radio, a city phone, a block phone, a dispatcher's phone, an automatic Servo hotbox recorder, and a "hot," double-tracked, east-west mainline from Indianapolis to Cleveland. Also about four yard engines working over the road when they can get time, plus signal and track maintainers to notify him of conditions concerning them. Also an inspection "hi-rail" car to squeeze in between all the traffic.

So when he gets orders he just stops all other chores and copies them. After that he fastens his order hoops to stationery poles—a high one for the engine crew and a low one for the caboose. These orders stay put until the crews grab them. Meanwhile, with his order light lit, the operator has gone back to his usual work routine. Newer-type cabooses with big bay windows make it easier for a trainman to get an arm through the hoop and seize the flimsies without going out to the rear platform. I would go to the platform from habit when the operator stood waiting with the order hoop in hand. He often had information to yell at me concerning my

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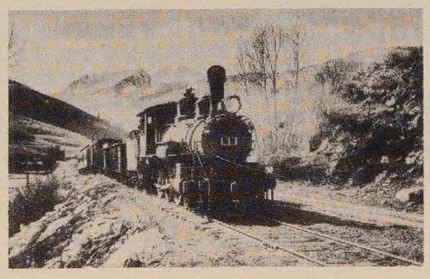

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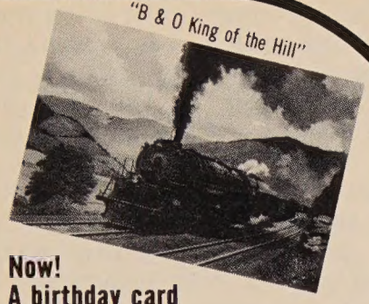

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train. Some of the older cabooses still in service have no windows except in the cupola, which makes it difficult for you to pick up orders from inside the crummy.—C.C. Staley, 2702 Morton St., Anderson, Ind. 46014.

CANADIAN NOTES. The Canadian National's success in fighting hotboxes (overheated car journal bearings) puts it far ahead of all other North American railways. Keith Hunt, vice president of operations and maintenance, says proudly that CN's average of 7.3 million car-miles per hotbox far exceeds the continent average of slightly over 2 million miles.

Both major Canadian railways have had great results in combatting hotbox incidents, but the National has moved out in front by dealing with all sides of the problem. Any good railroad man will tell you that unless hotboxes are prevented or detected in time they can cause derailments. CN has developed summer-and winter-grade oils suited to Canadian operation. It now uses a better journal-lubricating pad and has improved its journal-box components. The system's wheel-shop employes achieve high quality in machining the journals on axles. Also, the Stores Department personnel is doing a better job of handling wheels, the equipment inspection is more efficient, and the road's 125 automatic hotbox detectors help a lot.

Again last winter, CP Rail helped to protect operators of snowmobiles from stiff fines and the perils of driving too near the tracks. Besides sending out weekend patrols, the company issued safety posters to sports clubs and displayed them in many stations. Canada Safety Council figures show that of the 102 fatalities from

snowmobile accidents in the winter of 1971-'72, over half were due to collision with other motor vehicles.

Canadian National has ordered 122 additional mobile housing units for railway gang workers in remote sections of the country to reach a 5-year goal of about 1,000 such units. They provide modern two-to-a-room living quarters, power generator supplied lighting and other electrical services, and built-in water pressure systems with hot and cold water for showers and sinks. Each unit is equipped with thermostatically controlled forced-air furnaces, aluminum windows, and modern sanitary facilities.

Also ordered by CNR are 1,697 freight cars from builders in Nova Scotia, Ontario, and its own shops in Manitoba and Quebec. These include gondolas for steel loads, bulkhead flatcars for pulp and packaged lumber, trailer flatcars, and newsprint and general service boxcars. The National is happy over its 7-plus percent increase in freight column handled last year.

To handle its continuing growth in piggyback traffic, CP Rail has ordered 200 new highway trailer flatcars, each 63 feet long, equipped with double hitches.

Now that any long string of passenger cars, especially outside of scheduled time, gets attention, I was somewhat puzzled to see 17½ such cars rolling over Canadian National rails the other day at 60 mph behind a single diesel unit westbound from St. Catharines to Hamilton, Ontario. The half-car (caboose) meant a return movement rather than a passenger extra in service.—William C. Kessel, 99 Center St., Hamburg, N.Y.

Canadian National, not CP, absorbed the Quebec, Montreal & Southern in 1929. As a CN tax clerk then, I was delegated to go to the QM&S offices in Montreal to take over their tax records and consolidate the short road with the National. Later, as tax agent for our Eastern Lines, I often traveled in that area. When I retired in 1963, most of the ex-QM&S mileage had been abandoned, but the line from St. Lambert eastward was still the Champlain District's subdivision.—Clem Hampton, 3170 Laurel Canyon Rd., Santa Barbara, Calif. 93105.

GARY C. ALLEN'S feature on "Twilight of Steam in Guatemala" (Sept. '72) evoked memories of old friends down there. Some readers may recall that *Railroad* published two articles of mine: "The Banana Line," about the Guatemala road, then called the IRCA (Aug. '48), and "The Sisal Line," about the United Railways of Yucatan (June '50).

I lived 16 years in Guatemala and often photographed the IRCA. Possibly I have the world's largest collection of photos of that line. Many a happy evening I spent sipping drinks on the balcony of Hotel Ferrocarril in Zacapa while watching the activity in the yards and roundhouse just across the way. Things were a lot busier then; all the bananas were being hauled across the mountains from Tiquesate. I'm sorry to see steam fading out in Guatemala, because I hope to retire there some day. I'll miss the smelly old hogs. Thanks, Gary, for a great article and good pictures.—Philip Leonard, P.O. Box 21, San Antonio, Fla. 33576.

(Note from Freeman Hubbard: I spent last Christmas week in Guatemala. The railroad there was almost completely dieselized. Dead steam locos in various stages of disrepair were stored at the dusty old roundhouse in the capital; but one steamer, freshly painted, was kept spic and span for stand-by service.)

REMEMBER the long, lonesome, train whistles that floated far and wide? asks the *Locomotive Engineer.* In the hill country such calls echoed back and forth from one hillside to another. On the prairies they rolled far across the level stretches, and in the southland the high-pitched, poignant notes traveled a long distance through the pine woods.

Thin echoes of those whistles have come down the years in memory. Two long and two short were the familiar signals when Old 57 whistled for the crossing a mile down the line from the village depot. The calls from steam engines are no longer heard—but the sounds that one remembers were a cry of triumph as men pushed a nation's frontier ever westward.

The whistles in the night were especially appealing. As a lad listened in his bedroom under the eaves to the calls of the night flyer in the valley, he could visualize the picture. Lights from the car windows of the long train made you think of a jewelled snake. Some day, the lad thought, he'd be on that train, riding away to life's adventure.

YOUR COVERS are great. They'd be even better if you had fewer steam subjects. Do not misunderstand me. I like steam power but prefer diesels. I also enjoy your *Switch List,* rosters, and *Photographs of the Month.* But don't you think the girl controversy has gone far enough? Many such shots are faked.

Your magazine lives too much in the past, gives too much space to steam and to bedtime tales of oldtimers. *Railroad* has never quite made it into the 20th century. You should concentrate on the present and the future. I do not mean to print dull financial and business articles like some of those in *Trains* magazine. What I have in mind are features on the current rail scene from the fan's viewpoint. For example, *Trains* had a good story on the Peco Corp., a firm that reconditions and leases old units. That piece could well have fitted into *Railroad Magazine.*

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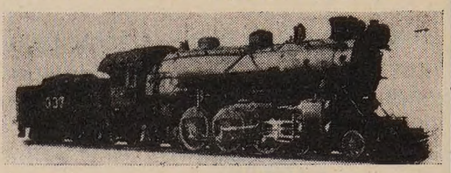

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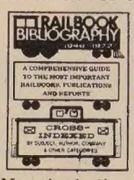
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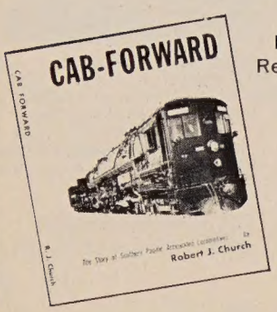

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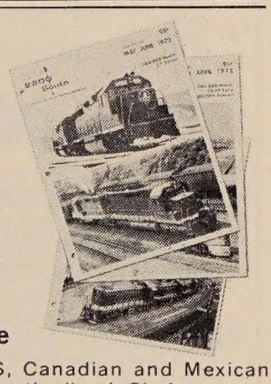

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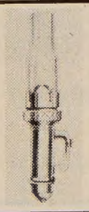

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cause they are too short. Better use fewer and longer items with interesting details. *Railroad* has improved recently, but you still have a long way to go.—Jim Reid, 26-2 950 Bidwell St., Vancouver 5, B.C., Canada.

OUR MAIL, which is heavy, is a grab-bag of suggestions—like Jim Reid's, for example. We haven't space to print more than a small percentage of the letters we get, but here is a brief round-up of recent ideas from readers:

Give us more foreign material . . . Cut out the overseas stuff and stick closer to home . . . Use additional steam pictures instead of diesels . . . Steam is outdated; we want more diesels . . . Fiction is a waste of space. I never read it . . . Your fiction stories are your best features. I read them before anything else when new issues come out . . . Nothing is more boring to me than locomotive rosters . . . Your rosters are accurate and useful. If you ever stop running them, you can cross my name off your subscription list . . .

Why mix trolleys with railroading? They're mostly obsolete anyhow, and who cares? . . . I buy your magazine only for its *Transit Topics;* my favorite columnist is Steve Maguire . . . Drop the musings of senior citizens and give us a modern rail journal slanted to present-day buffs—"on target," as they say . . . Long ago you started out as *Railroad Man's Magazine.* You should have kept it that way. Why waste valuable space on fans? I would say that most of your readers are railroaders, active or retired. The retirees like to go back to the days when they were young and vital. Even some of the young fellows today like to read about bygone railroading. You should cater more to rail workers and less to hobbyists and vandals who never ride trains except on fantrips—and not always even then, but chase them in their automobiles to expose rolls of film . . .

Rail-girl pix brighten your pages; keep them coming! . . . Bah! Anyone who wants female pictures should read *Playboy.* No rail magazine needs them. *Trains* doesn't use such photos; why should you? . . . Thus it goes. We have stopped looking for the magic formula that will please every cash customer all the time. Thousands of readers like us just as we are, and our circulation is rising.

Recently we have been asked why *Railroad* is late arriving on newsstands and by mail to subscribers. That is because a new company has taken us over and moved ahead the publication time. It *was* a bit ridiculous for *Railroad* to come out a month before the date printed on its cover. That practice started long ago in woodpulp days when individual magazine buyers thought it indicated that a periodical was more up-to-date. Furthermore, as you know, mail delivery, especially of printed matter, gets slower and slower.

ONE warm June morning in 1921, while apparently listening to my teacher in a Concord, N.H. Sunday school, I was surreptitiously drawing a picture of a steam locomotive on the back of my primer. Like my brother, who was with me, I had my mind on the clock reaching 12 noon, when we would dash out of the holy structure and run to the Boston & Maine's cavernous trainshed and depot. It was the first day we would ride into Boston with our father, who worked as a trainman in the baggage car.

We scrambled aboard just seconds before the conductor's highball, into a new world—and what a wonderful world! At every station stop we helped to slide open the big side-doors of the baggage car and peek out at the adventurous travelers passing by on the platform. After stops at Manchester, Nashua, and Lowell, we reached Boston's North Station, where we had a close scrutiny of our locomotive. It was love at first sight, and has so remained in my memory.

Later on, we visited the Boston, Revere Beach & Lynn narrow-gage, with its Manchester-built locomotives and its Laconia-built cars. We never tired of riding this little road but hated to see it electrified. We were brought up in rail atmosphere. We often made out father's timecards for him and knew the classification and numbers of every B&M engine. During school years, in vacation periods, I worked as a signalman's helper on the Claremont branch. My own specialty is painting New England locomotives, and I was proud to have one such painting on your March cover.—Archy F. McDonnell, Box 384, Concord, N.H. 03301.

AFTER lengthy court proceedings, the "new" Providence & Worcester began operation again last February 3rd as an independent carrier. The original P&W was leased to the New York, New Haven & Hartford on July 1, 1892, for 99 years. When Penn Central absorbed the New Haven several years back the P&W was supposed to be included, but apparently it wasn't. This road currently uses 43.4 miles of main line between Providence, R.I., and Worcester, Mass., and the 6.8 mile East Providence branch, connecting at Valley Falls.

Operation calls for an early morning through freight from Worcester to Valley Falls, Monday to Saturday, followed by a local, and cars are forwarded to their destination, into Providence, or down the branch. A Valley Falls-Worcester local leaves in early afternoon, with a through freight back to Worcester in the evening. Also, P&W hopes to buy the Boston & Maine's Gardner branch, 23 miles, giving a direct connection to the B&M's east-west main line. Although the Woonsocket-Slatersville branch still belongs to PC, it is physically severed from the system, and the P&W operates it.

The road is now operating five leased Delaware & Hudson RS-3's, Nos. 161-165 for $85 per unit per day. These units are painted chocolate brown, orange and cream, having received their P&W dress at the D&H Colonis shops. Providence & Worcester has ordered a pair of new MLW 2000-hp light roadswitchers, the M420TR. Hopefully, this first U.S. MLW purchase will set a precedent. Because of MLW's backlog of orders, the two M420's are not expected before early fall. If the units work out well, P&W plans to buy three more. Presumably the RS-3's will be returned to the D&H as each new unit is received.

On the first day of P&W's renewed operation, unit 164 was switching the yard at Worcester, 163 was idling in the enginehouse, and 162 and 165 were at Providence. The 161, named the *Robert H. Eder,* after the line's president, and caboose No. 3 made a Worcester-to-Providence run, stopping at Woonsocket for the noontime ribbon-cutting and speeches. So says the *Green Board* (Hartford Division of Railroad Enthusiasts).

OVERSEAS. Britain's experimental Hovertrain, designed to run on an elevated track at speeds up to 300 miles an hour, is being scrapped. The Aerospace Minister told a House of Commons committee: "The project has not proved to be of value—to the extent that no one has a use for it."

In Austria, the Vienna-to-Innsbruck express was nearing a small station when engineer Erwin Bernhofer saw a baby crawling on the track some 140 yards ahead. He slammed on his emergency brakes but knew the train would not stop in time. Waiting tensely until he came within 50 yards of the tot, he jumped from his cab, snatched up the child in his arms, and flung himself sidewise down an embankment to safety—seconds before his train passed the spot!

London Transport has placed an order with British Rail for 11 battery locomotives to supplement the existing fleet of 35 locos used on engineering and construction trains. They will serve the Piccadilly Line extension to Heathrow Airport.

The TGV 001 prototype of the new high-speed Turbotrain reached a peak speed of 193 mph on a 75-mile stretch of the main French railroad line between Bordeaux and the Spanish frontier.

John Trenchard, 19, admitted in court at Cambridge, England, that in taking a friend to catch a train he drove his car onto the platform of the station, through the glass doors of the depot and into the lobby. John is a grandson of Lord Trenchard, who founded the British Royal Air Force. He told police he was "over the top" when he got behind the wheel following a party, and drove with too much alcohol in his blood. He was fined the equivalent of $395 and forbidden to drive for a year.

JOHN HAMILTON'S account in your January issue of how he, a non-railroader, prevented a wreck by flagging the Pennsy train *Spirit of St. Louis* in Cambridge, Indiana, had a personal interest for me because I was the hogger he mentioned.

It was the most fear-filled experience I have ever known. The eastbound *Spirit's* number was 32, not 66; but we did have a 66 as Hamilton wrote. Had he noticed our engine as I acknowledged his flag, he would have seen us displaying the Irish (green flags), signifying that a second section, No. 66, was right on our tail. *(Ed. note:* But John Hamilton was a commercial telegraph operator, not a railroad man. He probably didn't know the meaning of green flags adorning the front of an engine.)

On that occasion the time-sheet listed me as the fireman on our K4, but a quirk of fate had placed me unofficially at the throttle. When we left Columbus, Ohio, westbound as No. 33 my engineer was not feeling well and expressed his intention of signing up sick upon arrival at Indianapolis. We were scheduled to return as No. 66. Upon being relieved of 33, he decided to bring 66 back on the pay-sheet rather than deadhead home in a coach.

No. 66 was a relay eastbound from St. Louis, carrying the Irish, and reached Indianapolis 20 minutes late. The second section pulled in as we took over the cab of first 66. I built a good heel in the firebox while we waited, because we'd have to knock the stack off this engine to make up lost time. As always, I watched the engineer closely. He seemed reluctant to widen on the throttle and in no hurry at all to hook her up. We had just cleared Cumberland when he became nauseated and asked me to replace him for a spell.

We knew that a fast manifest was somewhere ahead of us, but as we ate up the miles on continuing clear blocks we became complacent with the assurance that the mainline was ours. We assumed that the freight would take siding for us at Dublin and so we had nothing to fear. When we passed by Straughn I had our old K4 hooked up on center. Her steady staccato seemed to be saying that we just might be in Columbia "on the advertised."

A scant few minutes later we roared by Dublin Junction. Sure enough, a freight train was waiting in the Dublin siding, but not the one we had expected to overtake. It seemed that the dispatcher was determined to let the time freight stay

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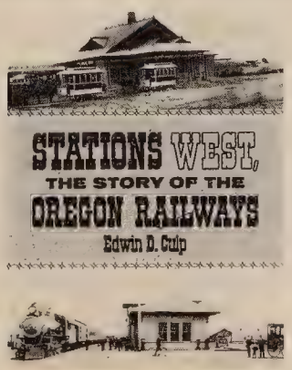

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ahead of us to Richmond and had given them the road. Well, they didn't make it.

Someone on the track ahead was frantically giving us a washout (emergency stop signal). We were then clocking an average of 85 miles per hour. With the loudest voice that the Juniata Shops had built into our K4, I acknowledged his warning and made the first brake application. You can bet your last devalued dollar that I wiped the gage (made a sudden stop). Behind our engine rolled nine coaches loaded with human lives; and their safety at that moment was our number one priority, Mr. Hamilton, yours and mine.—Lester A. McDaniel, 1539 Myrtle Ave., Columbus, Ohio 43211.

NEW EQUIPMENT. Louisville & Nashville has just bought 450 new freight cars and new equipment for hauling motor vehicles. Included are 100 boxcars with special protective devices for transporting major appliances, 200 covered hoppers for grain, clay, etc., 50 sixty-foot boxcars with high roofs for hauling pulpboard, 100 fifty-foot boxcars for general freight, and 172 bi-level and 63 tri-level racks to be installed on flatcars designed to carry autos and trucks.

Penn Central is leasing 114 new diesel-electric freight locos to replace less powerful units. The lease is for an initial period of 15 years, with an option to renew for an unlimited number of 5-year terms. Bankrupt PC is not able to *buy* such equipment.

Santa Fe has ordered 1,000 new 100-ton covered hopper cars, mostly to haul grain and fertilizers. This will give the system nearly 12,000 100-ton jumbo hoppers—more than 16,000 covered hoppers of all kinds, the nation's largest fleet of such cars.

Norfolk & Western is engaged in a system-wide program to expand and modernize its communication facilities with a 2,400-mile microwave radio system that will take about three years to complete. "We will have the most modern system of its kind in the railroad industry," says Robert B. Claytor, executive vice president. "In this computer age we need adequate communications."

MOST British steam engines had paraffin oil headlamps but not headlights, writes John Drayton, a retired British Rail engineer, 13 Sycamore Rd., Griffithstown, Pontypool, Mon. NP4, 5AL, Great Britain, answering a reader's question. When set in specific positions at the smokebox, bunker, or tender ends, those lamps were called head codes. Thus, a stopping passenger train would carry one light under the chimney (smokestack). A fast-stepping passenger train would carry "fast lights" under the chimney, one over each buffer. The Royal Train had four headlamps with a crown over two or more lamps.

At one time the Grest Western Railway carried three lamps as part of a complicated code; but in 1918 someone had a brain wave: why not use only two? It proved a winner. Thereafter, until the end of steam, all superior trains carried lights on the right hand side (facing forward) and all inferior trains at the left.

"How could you speed at night without headlights?" the reader asked.

Well, we ran trains with confidence, knowing that the line was fully protected by crossing gates, fences, and a good signal system. Having been brought up to run "blind," we never expected to have lights illuminating the track ahead. But we saw American engines and trains at local cinemas—limiteds at night roaring across the silver screen while light beams showed the track ahead. How we envied them!

In wartime we'd often run a high-stepping passenger engine with 15 coaches full of servicemen. I'll never forget that night the city of Plymouth was "blitzed." Under wartime conditions, especially at night, we never knew what lay ahead. Maybe a shell hole, a bomb crater, or a wrecked bridge. We Englishmen would be stopped and warned by "air raid red," whereupon we'd run at much reduced speed, each driver peering into the inky darkness for a warning light and ready with one hand on the brake handle to make an emergency stop.

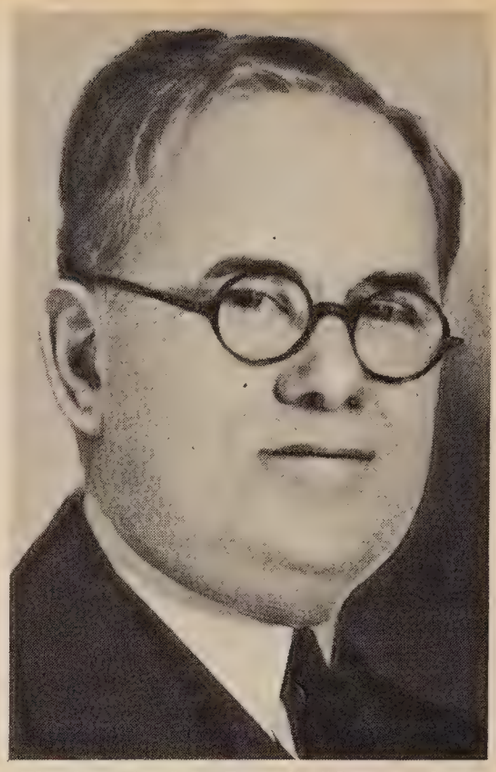
SCAB, meaning *strikebreaker*, is the ugliest word in the lingo of organized labor. A bombastic definition of it is attributed to Jack London (1876-1916), novelist and short-story writer, but there is some doubt that he ever wrote it. Here is the definition:

After God had finished the rattlesnake, the toad, and the vampire, He had some awful substance left with which He made a scab. A scab is a two-legged animal with a corkscrew soul, a waterlogged brain, a combination backbone of jelly and glue. Where others have hearts, he carries a tumor of rotten principles.

No man has a right to scab so long as there is a pool of water to drown his carcass in, or a rope long enough to hang his body with. Judas Iscariot was a gentleman compared with a scab. For betraying his master, he had character enough to hang himself. A scab has not.

Esau sold his birthright for a mess of pottage. Judas Iscariot sold his Saviour for 30 pieces of silver. Benedict Arnold sold his country for a promise of a commission in the British army. The modern strikebreaker sells his birthright, his country, his wife, his children and his fellow men for an unfulfilled promise from his employer, trust or corporation.

A feature article entitled "Strikebreaker" was written by Freeman Hubbard for the June '35 issue of *Railroad Magazine*. It dealt with Pearl L. Bergoff, a tough man with a female name, known as "Czar of the Strikebreakers," whose specialty was transportation walkouts. At least 35



The late Pearl L. Bergoff, "Czar of Strikebreakers," got wealthy on industrial strife.
Collection of Freeman Hubbard

major steam railroads used his services in dealing with their own employees—i.e., helping to break strikes. Among his many other clients were Baldwin Locomotive Works, Standard Oil, Carnegie Steel, Wells Fargo Express, and most of the great steamship lines that touch our shores. Here is part of Hubbard's article:

The Erie seems to have been Bergoff's favorite. Among the jobs he handled for this road were the 1907 strike of boilermakers and machinists, the 1908 strike of Erie barge captains, the 1910 strike of Erie tugboat masters, pilots, etc., two Erie strikes in 1912, and the walkout of Erie switchmen in 1920.

The switchmen's strike was Bergoff's biggest moneymaker. He supplied the company with 6,000 to 7,000 men for four and a half months, for which he said the Erie paid him about $2 million. In fact, as Bergoff told me when I finally got to see him for an exclusive interview: "I've made about $5 million altogether on railroad strikes!"

Pearl Bergoff is short and stocky, with a strong fighting face and auburn hair. When he talks there is no beating around the bush. He is direct and decisive. He has built up a powerful machine for crushing strikes. No wonder so many high-salaried corporation executives turn to Bergoff for help when their underpaid employes walk out.

Strikes are often bloody. Bergoff does not try to hide that fact. He admits having taken part in the fray himself on more than one occasion. The bloodiest strike he handled was that of Pressed Steel Car Co. in 1909. Ten or more men were killed!

In 1910 he fought a major strike of motormen and conductors of the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Co. I was attending the Philadelphia Central High School at that time. On each school day until the trouble was settled I walked five miles to school and five miles home again. Some cars were running, but being a railroad man's son I would not think of patronizing them. It is an open secret that strikebreakers often pocket the fares they collect from trolley patrons, and I wasn't going to give any of my nickels to scabs.

PRT's general manager had ordered 5,000 mo-

tormen, conductors and guards from the Bergoff outfit. P.L.B. himself was appointed virtual dictator of the situation. Within 24 hours he had 1,500 men in Philadelphia. They were housed in three huge circus tents, with commissary and sleeping equipment.

"The first day of that strike two of our men were killed," Bergoff imformed me without a show of emotion. "I buried one at our expense. He was a man with a family. In that strike, our men fought hard. Before it was over, three or four had been killed and fifty wounded. The company had agreed to indemnify our men against injuries, but we found a number of chiselers. All the honest claims were paid and we weeded out some who had tried to fake injuries."

In 1911 the labor force of Baldwin Locomotive Works went on strike. Bergoff tackled that job also. The plant was located within a stone's throw of my school, and I saw police with clubs break up a peaceful parade of strikers right in front of the school.

Nine years later, while living in New York City, I witnessed some of the trouble caused by a strike on the subway, elevated and surface lines of Brooklyn-Manhattan Transit Co. and Bergoff broke this strike. He said, "The B-M-T cheerfully paid us $700,000."

Bergoff has done plenty of business with the Baltimore & Ohio, beginning with the 1910 strike of tugboat masters, pilots, etc. In 1912 he handled two B&O walkouts, one of stevedores and laborers, the other of freight clerks. In 1914 he took a hand in a B&O watermen's strike. He said that in 1910 the Delaware & Hudson paid him about $35,000 for breaking a strike of gandy dancers.

Quite calmly, Bergoff told me how, some years ago, he armed his guards. His organization has a large arsenal of rifles and ammunition, and he thrives on somebody else's misery.

I asked the pugnacious redhead why he was so much opposed to organized labor. He came right back at me: "I'm not opposed to organized labor. I'm a friend of labor. I've spent a lot of money to improve working conditions, prevent strikes, and keep honest workers in their jobs."

My last question was: "What would you do if there were no strikes?"

"Go out and play golf," Bergoff replied; and as I picked up my hat to leave, his parting words were: "Don't forget to put me down as a friend of the labor unions."

Yes, Bergoff is a great friend of the unions—company unions, of course.

Lackawanna strike scene many years ago. Bergoff's strikebreakers were well guarded.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE MONTH

Freight-car-carrying barge operation on the Tennessee River, connecting Champion International's newest paper mill at Courtland, 24 miles downstream from the Louisville & Nashville-served Decatur, Ala. The road considers river operation a spur track to the mill. The carrier's slip is 50 feet wide and long enough to accommodate two 250-foot barges connected in tandem. Two tracks with capacity for 16 cars, run the length of the barges.

William R. Heffren, Louisville & Nashville Railroad

Railfanette Twana Sanders of St. Myers, Fla., admires a locomotive decorating a lamp post in front of the home of R.M. Thompson of North Ft. Myers on a summer's day in 1972. Mr. Thompson, now a retired Detroit Terminal enginehouse foreman, began his 37-year railroad career with the New York Central.

William T. Morgan, AN, Box 26, Fleet Weather Facility, FPO, New York 09571

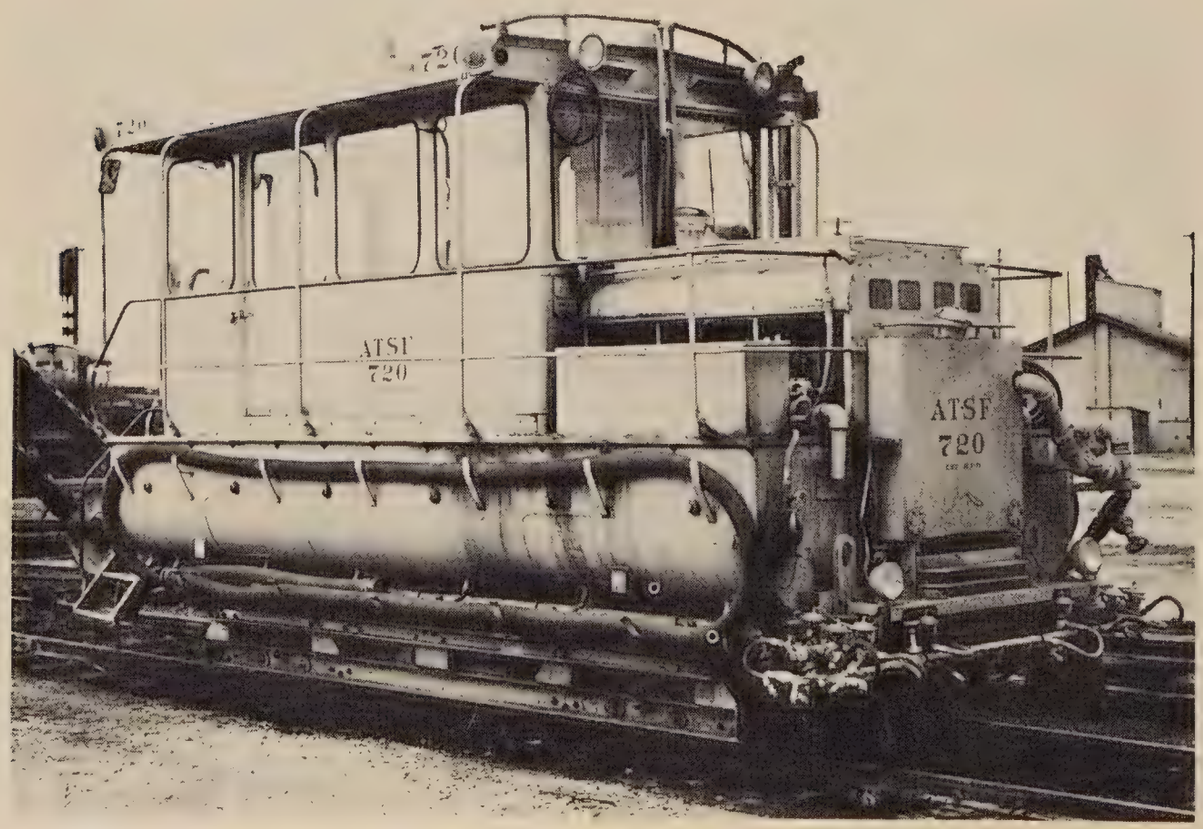
A few days before the *Floridian* reverted to its old schedule that would bring it through Birmingham at night, some members of the Heart of Dixie Railroad Club rode the train and returned, passing through two L&N tunnels. This photo was in their fine newsletter.

Engineer pauses on climb into locomotive cab before settling into seat, and easing 38-class Ten-wheeler out of Heidelberg, West Germany.

Peter Jensen, Box 259, Montclair, N.J.

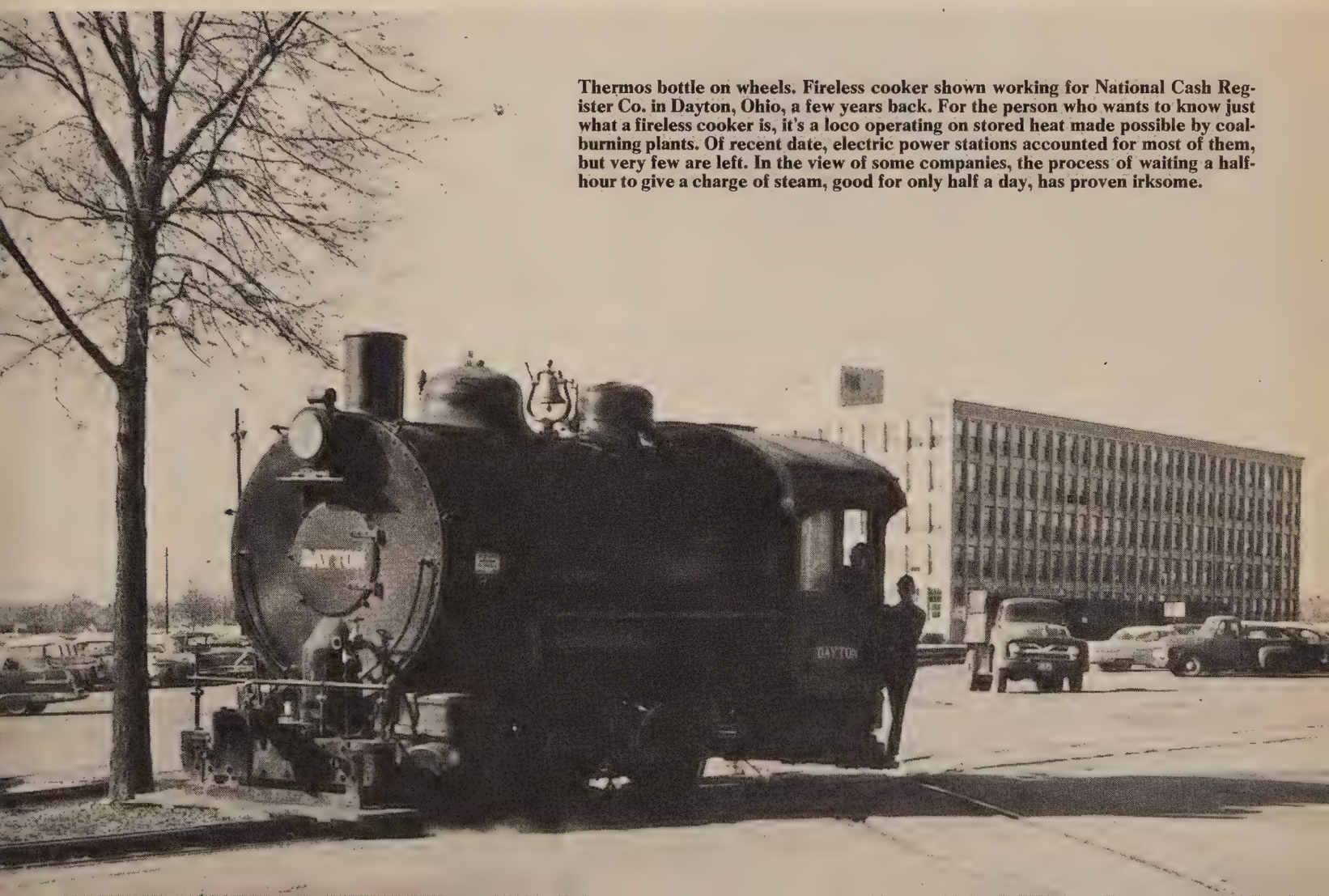
Dwarfed by the side porter, or fork lift, is Sue Catron as she stands in the Western Pacific piggyback yard in Oakland, Calif. The 45-ton-capacity giant lifts trailers off the piggyback flats and moves them like toys in this scene May 21, 1972. All the major steamship lines use them.

Virgil C. Staff, P.O. Box 268, Berkley, Calif. 94701



Santa Fe weedburner shown at Colorado & Southern roundhouse in Denver, Colorado, tips scales at hefty 27,000 pounds.

(Left) Steam and tall timber. Surrounded by giant trees and ready to roll out is No. 10 of Klamath & Hoppow Valley R.R. at Klamath, Calif., in July 1972. The locomotive is an ex-Blue Jay Lumber Co. 3-truck Heisler built in 1912. With the 10 are two other locos, No. 11, an ex-Pickering Lumber Co. 3-truck 1929 Lima built Shay, and No. 17, ex-Hammond Lumber Co. 2-8-2T built by Alco in 1929. Logging operations and forests may be seen on this 4-mile, 45-minute ride, Memorial Day through Labor Day, by Hoppow Creek. Track has some 8% grades and two switchbacks. (Right) Sue Kellogg, lady fireman working for the K&HV, at water tank on a July day in 1972. David Sell, 218 Colgate Ave., Kensington, Calif. 94708



Thermos bottle on wheels. Fireless cooker shown working for National Cash Register Co. in Dayton, Ohio, a few years back. For the person who wants to know just what a fireless cooker is, it's a loco operating on stored heat made possible by coal-burning plants. Of recent date, electric power stations accounted for most of them, but very few are left. In the view of some companies, the process of waiting a half-hour to give a charge of steam, good for only half a day, has proven irksome.

Central California Traction No. 42 with work train at Sheldon, Calif., on Jan. 27, 1973. Weeks of heavy rain resulted in gandy dancers dumping gravel on soggy right-of-way. Interesting feature here are storm windows on diesel cab, a rare sight on any California locomotive.

Gary G. Allen, 2151 E. Palmer Ave., Glendale, Calif. 91205

(Below) Fred Oster is using alimite gun to lubricate drivers of Denver & Rio Grande No. 346 (narrow-gage class C-19 Consolidation) at Colorado Railroad Museum, Golden, Colo., Sept. 25, '72.

Thomas P. Lyons, P.O. Box 442, Golden, Colo. 80402

Extensive track renewal was undertaken earlier in year by the Santa Fe between Castle Hot Springs and Phoenix, Arizona, a distance of 40 miles. A large number of ties are being replaced, new switches are being installed, much new ballast is put down, and relay 131-pound welded rail has been laid down.

Randall H. Larson, 13810 Tan Tara Drive, Sun City, Arizona 85351

Robert L. Hogan, 2250 Pelham Place, Oakland, Calif. 94611

The entire roster of the Magma Arizona Railroad is evident here as 2-8-0 No. 5, in company with Mike No. 7 and Baldwin diesel No. 8 moves out of house into the bright morning sun and another day's work on August 27, 1968. Section gang from *put-put* No. 7 are not impressed with steam

THE OLD SAN DIEGO & ARIZONA

by James R. Moriarty III and Elaine P. Lamb

Photograph by Richard Steinheimer

AN AGING but still shrewd and vigorous "sugar king," John D. Spreckles, drove the gilded spike which marked the materialization of a dream on November 15, 1919. The dream had originated thirteen years earlier in the astute mind of Edward H. Harriman, the bespectacled railroad tycoon with a walrus mustache, known as "the Wizard of Wall Street." Spreckles was a San Diego financier. Harriman had selected this man to carry out his ambitious desire for a direct rail connection between San Diego and Mexico and the populous East.

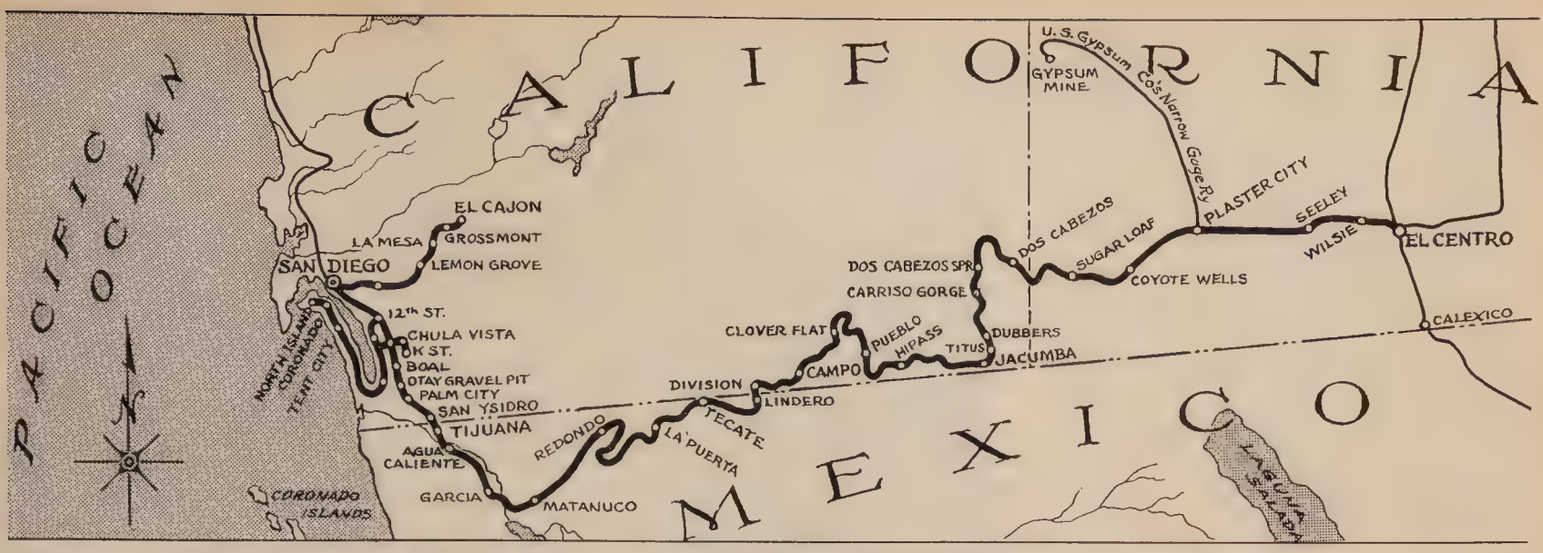
Under Spreckles' driving leadership, construction of the new railroad, the San Diego & Arizona, got under way; but before it could be completed the Wizard passed on into eternity and financial problems arose regarding the continuance of work on the road. A less resourceful man might have called quits, as many another railroad builder had done in the course of time. Spreckles, however, kept pushing ahead.

Oldtimers will remember the early 1900's as troubled years – as what period of history wasn't? The impending first World War hung like a pall over the nation, and British capital was battening down its hatches, so to speak. But Spreckles was no novice in financial matters, and eventually the railroad came into operation.

So much for the background. Among the characters in the SD&A story was the adventurous W.G. McCormick, conductor on the construction train. His all-too-brief memoirs apparently were based on notes from a journal that he kept during construction of the single-track line, particularly of the section that crossed the Mexican border.

McCormick's memoirs began with May 8, 1911. His train's crossing of the border into Mexico that morning was uneventful, but when they arrived at Hot Springs (*Agua Caliente*) his brakeman reported the presence of armed men on Mexican ponies moving alongside the railroad between that point and Frenchman's Ranch. At 10:25 the train was stopped near the crossing west of Tijuana by a man who introduced himself as Captain Sam Woods of the "Liberal Junta" troops marching on Tijuana. He

The red "Land and Liberty" flag of revolution flies atop the headquarters of "General Price" at the Tijuana post office. His revolt was short-lived.
Historical Collection, Title Insurance & Trust Co., San Diego, Calif.



Map of the San Diego & Arizona Eastern, formerly San Diego & Arizona, now part of Southern Pacific.

was, in fact, an American-born *insurrecto.*

As the train waited, the rest of the little army came up under the command of Caryl Ap Rhys, a native of Wales and soldier of fortune who had served in the Boer War, in India, and in the Canadian Northwest Mounted Police. He used the name "General Price."

Price assured McCormick that he would not destroy any railroad property, although he had cut the phone wires in several places. The conductor asked him to repair the wires; but the general refused to do so before 2 p.m., lest Tijuana residents communicate with outside forces before the rebels arrived.

Upon returning to San Diego, conductor McCormick reported that the entire rebel army consisted of only about 300, but the men were well mounted and had a variety of firearms and several supply wagons. The following morning, when the train reached Tijuana, the battle was under way, the church and the bullring grandstand were burning, and Price's troops were advancing along the river bed. The crack of rifle fire shattered the air. McCormick could see from his vantage point that most of the population had retreated to the Mexican Customs House, while some had fled across the border to be interned temporarily as refugees by the U.S. Army.

The small Federal garrison, hopelessly outnumbered, made a gallant stand but was defeated. A fellow named Herdo Gonzales held the bullring single-handed until the heat drove him out. McCormick saw him mount a horse and ride away, with insurrectionists chasing him. Among those killed in the battle were the mayor of Tijuana and Captain Sam Price.

For the next few days, whenever the work train pulled into Tijuana, a squad of rebels would board it with delaying tactics. Sometimes they confiscated blankets, food, and other items which the little army needed, and this enraged McCormick.

On May 12th, when C. Crowley, superintendent of the San Diego & Arizona, was riding the train, it stopped as usual at Tijuana. This time McCormick was told that General Price wanted to see him. Grumbling, the skipper and Crowley confronted the rebel leader. Price was indignant at the railroad company's lack of neutrality. He said he knew that company officers had furnished the Federal garrison at Tijuana with arms. He also charged that a phone call made from Tijuana requested more ammunition and that, in answer to this request, two men drove to the border in a motor car filled with rifles and ammunition for the Federals. Those men were D.F. Dutton, the SD&A agent at San Diego, and Mr. Couts, its labor procurement officer.

McCormick expressed doubt that any company officer would countenance such activities. Price replied coldly: "War is war, and my men need supplies." He said he'd continue to take such stuff from the railroad, which it could well afford to donate, as Spreckles was a millionaire with large investments in that area. Then he asked if McCormick

Historical Collection, Title Insurance & Trust Co., San Diego, Calif.

SD&A Ry. 0-6-0 work engine, at railhead near Tunnel No. 4, helped to construct Campo Creek viaduct about 1910.

was authorized to represent the railroad. The conductor nodded. Price then asked if any other railroad officers were on the Mexican side of the border and at length he promised to give receipts for all property he seized, saying that after the war ended he would see that his government reimbursed the railroad.

For the next few weeks, McCormick became friendly with a Sergeant Hickey of the rebel army, who would ride the train to the railhead and return each day. He learned that Hickey had been a fireman working out of Portland, Oregon, and had volunteered for war service because he was bored with life and craved excitement. On May 15th, when Hickey met the train, he said General Price wanted to see the skipper at headquarters. Borrowing a horse, McCormick rode over there. Price shouted at him: "Who is this man Titus?"

"Mr. H. L. Titus is our railroad's legal adviser," the conductor replied calmly.

Price went on: "Titus is the man who supplied guns and ammunition to the Federals just before the battle. I want your road to surrender Titus to me; and if you don't, I will hold this train for ransom."

McCormick assured him that Titus had nothing to do with the supply of arms. "Neither did Dutton or Couts," he said. "They just went down to the border in a motor car to see the battle. There were no war supplies in that car when American officials searched it."

Some historians believe, however, that those two men had friends in the Tijuana area, were concerned for their safety, and really did smuggle in the guns and ammunition. On the evening of May 17th, McCormick took a gang of 51 laborers across the border enroute to the construction camp at rails' end. Rebels stopped the train, arrested the conductor, and took him to Price for another showdown. McCormick protested that he was taking these men to the railhead, where they were needed.

Price said: "Okay, but first Sergeant Garcia must search them."

Instead of frisking the men, Garcia, who was a persuasive talker, induced 22 of them to join the rebel forces. Next day McCormick complained about this. General Price glibly promised that no such action would be repeated, but Garcia continued his efforts to recruit railroaders for the rebel army.

On May 19th events took a more serious turn. A squad of rebels under Captain Matson commandeered the train, cut the phone lines again, and accused McCormick of carrying a spy who was giving information to the enemy. Rebels robbed the supply car, but McCormick talked them out of taking the caboose blankets also. Thereupon the train was released. By the time it reached Redondo, the supply camp was being looted and the stolen material loaded onto a flatcar.

Still armed, "General" John R. Mosby (extreme right), escorted by a Federal officer, goes to the surrender meeting after being defeated at Tijuana. Later, the soldier of fortune was shot

Entering one of the camp buildings in high dudgeon, the skipper found a man named Melford, with whom he'd had trouble before, stealing personal equipment from SD&A employes' lockers. A hot exchange of words followed. Melford reached toward his rifle which was leaning against some lard cases; but before he could get it McCormick cautiously maneuvered himself in front of it. The conductor then told Melford that he'd stand by to see that nothing was taken out of the camp until Captain Matson showed up, and the thief backed down. By this time the railroaders came to the conclusion that General Price had little control over his men.

On May 20th at San Diego, McCormick was asked to confer with E.J. Kallright, the railroad's chief engineer and acting superintendent. The latter said he'd better withdraw the construction outfit until things settled down and quoted millionaire Spreckles as saying: "I would rather lose everything in Mexico than have any of my employees killed." McCormick disagreed. He pointed out that if they withdrew, the rebels would no doubt burn the bridges and blow up the tunnels, but that if the situation worsened, the men should be sent home anyhow and the construction job resumed later.

Four days afterward the rebels arrested all of a fresh group of gandy dancers, claiming that some were Federal spies. On the morning of the 25th, General Price told McCormick that the Federal army had left Esenada, presumably moving out to attack him, and that he, Price, would need the train for his own men.

On May 29th Price again sent for the conductor. This time he was in a cordial mood, offering McCormick cigars and a bottle of good port. He said it took a lot of money to run his government, he needed plenty of it, and from that time on he would assess duty in cash on all goods that brought in money. McCormick acquiesced. He replied that he thought the company would make some arrangement to provide goods for the rebel troops if his own supplies weren't robbed and if the *insurrectos* didn't breed trouble in the railhead camps.

The following morning dawned brightly, but it dawned without General Price, who apparently had fled the night before, with his aide and all the cash they could lay hands on. The amount may have been considerable, for apparently

As SD&AE train rolls to a stop at very hot Dos Cabezas, the fireman hauls down the water spout.
Photographs by Richard Steinheimer

Meanwhile, according to McCormick's journal, the insurgents kept harrassing the construction trains almost daily. They were looking for spies and, the skipper noted, "getting quite nervous over the Federals." On June 22nd, some of Mosby's men seized a construction train and used it to transport troops to combat the Federal forces advancing on Tijuana. In the ensuing battle the *insurrectos* suffered a decisive defeat, and the rebellion collapsed. U.S. troops arrested Mosby as a deserter and shot him for allegedly trying to escape.

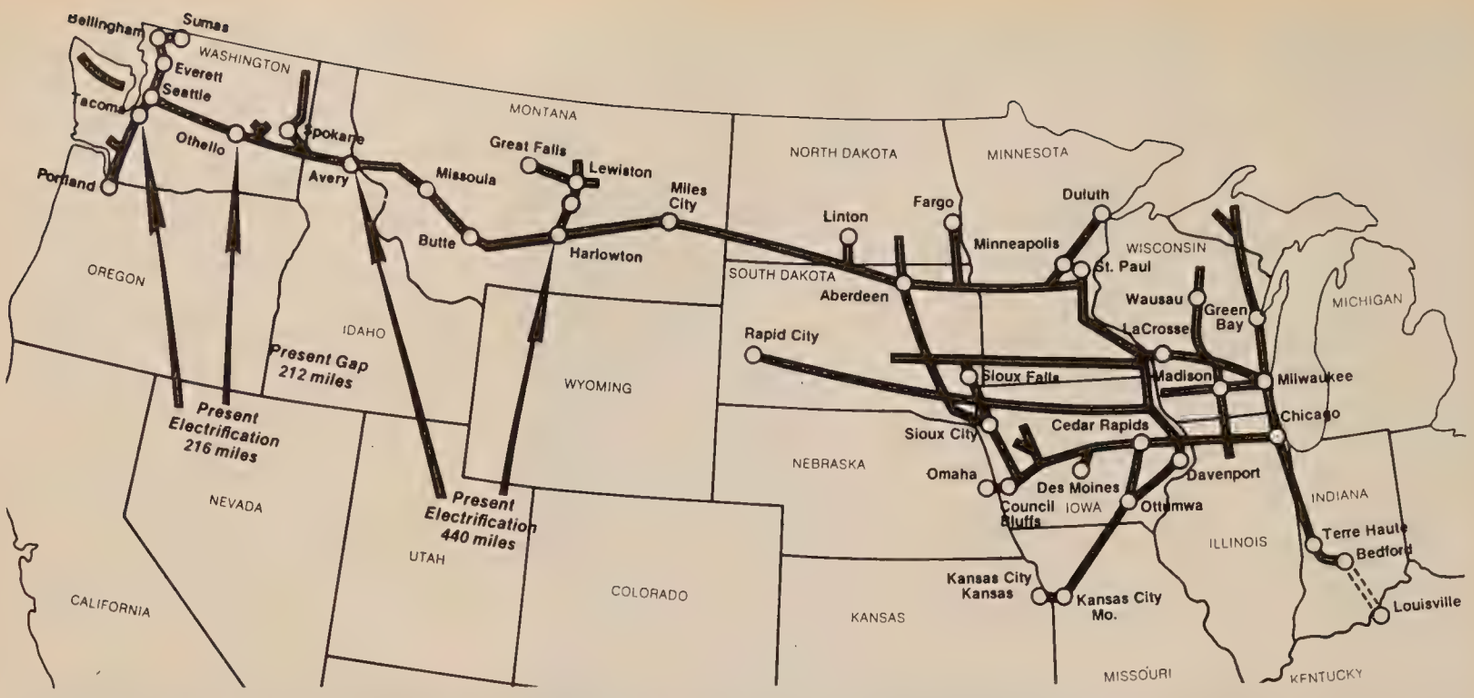
After that, work on the San Diego & Arizona Eastern was resumed. Despite hardships due to great floods in 1916 and America's entrance into World War I in 1917, crews of gandy dancers tackled the last and most difficult portion of the line, the rugged Carriso Gorge. This 11-mile section cost over $4 million and required the boring of 17 tunnels and erection of 14 trestles.

Today, what used to be John Spreckles' railroad, now 148 miles long and hauling freight only, is known as the San Diego & Arizona Eastern and is part of the great Southern Pacific system. Practically nobody believes in ghosts any more; but there was a time when wraiths of General Price and his horsemen were said to be slogging across the track under the bright and lonely Tijuana moon. ●

they had sold in San Diego some $10,000 worth of cigars and wine which was smuggled across the border. Besides, rumor said that a group of radicals in Los Angeles had sent him money to meet the payroll for his troops, which sum also was gone. On the other hand, there is reason to believe that Price had only $20 with him when he fled.

When rumors began flying, the remnants of military discipline crumbled and the men broke into the liquor supplies. When conductor McCormick arrived in Tijuana, almost everyone in the rebel army seemed to be drunk. Not even the arrival of Price's successor, "General" John R. Mosby, could save the day for very long. Mosby, too, was a soldier of fortune as well as a deserter from the U.S. Marines. He joined the disorganized rebel forces at Tijuana on June second, but after the revolt in Lower California collapsed he was apprehended as a deserter and was shot dead while enroute to a Federal prison for the alleged reason that he tried to escape.

Southern Pacific (SD&AE) train crawls snakelike through Ocotillas desert above Coyette Wells.



Milwaukee Road map shows the mainline segments which today comprise the railroad's 656-mile electrified system, longest in the entire U.S.

MILWAUKEE ROAD ELECTRIFICATION IS ENDING

MILWAUKEE ROAD has finally decided to go all-diesel. It has already begun to phase out the remaining portions of its electrified operations in Montana, Idaho, and Washington. The decision came after years of exhaustive studies.

"From a dollars-and-cents viewpoint, we had no alternative," top officials say, "although electrification is an important part of our image and there is much sentimental interest in it. When first installed, it was vastly superior to steam operation and it has served us extremely well. Given 1973 facts, however, with highly efficient and versatile diesel locomotives available for both main and branch line service, compared with the aging electric locos confined to main line only, the decision was inevitable."

Train No. 261, the Milwaukee Road's fast westbound *XL Special* from Chicago to Seattle, Tacoma and Portland, winds its way through a valley in the Rocky Mts., east of Alberton, Mont., behind four high-powered diesel locomotives and one "Little Joe" electric.

The Milwaukee Road has 656 miles of electrified main line, the longest in the country. This is divided into two sections: 440 miles on the Rocky Mountain Division between Harlowton, Mont. and Avery, Ida., which began service in 1917; and 216 miles on the Coast Division between Othello and Seattle-Tacoma, Wash., inaugurated in 1920. The latter has been fully dieselized for over a year, although the catenary and substation are still in place.

Between the two sections is a 212-mile segment of main line which, for several reasons, was never electrified. The gap has been operated by conventional power, which severely limited the versatility and efficiency of the over-all juice system. Continuing the electrified operation indefinitely would mean not only electrifying the gap but also replacing the entire complex with a modern, high-voltage system and buying new electric locos. In effect it would be like electrifying from scratch.

The road's use of electric power has been decreasing over the years.

It is now confined largely to secondary trains and helper service in conjunction with diesels for long trains moving over steep mountain grades. The faster time-freights have been hauled primarily by diesels for years. At present, about 19 percent of the "locomotive miles" operated on the Rocky Mountain Division and only 3 percent of the Milwaukee Road's 10,500-mile system are run with electric units.

Including yards, sidings and other secondary track, 902 miles of track are electrified, involving more than 3,000 miles of transmission, feeder and trolley wire. The first electrically-powered train on the Milwaukee Road ran 112 miles from Three Forks to Deer Lodge, Mont., on Nov. 30, 1915.

The Milwaukee has 38 electric loco units, seven of them inoperative. Twelve were acquired in 1950 and the remainder between 1915 and 1919, making them some of the oldest locomotives in regular service on American railroads. At peak ownership, in 1950, the road had 116 electric units.

At present, electrified operation is used only on the Rocky Mountain Division between Harlowton and Avery, accounting for about 19 percent of the locomotive unit miles on that division. Since only 3 percent of the total locomotive unit miles on the system are electrically operated, if all such service had been replaced by diesels last year, the road's use of diesel fuel-oil would have risen barely 4 percent. This is less than one-hundredth of one percent (.01%) of the total fuel-oil consumption of the nation's Class I roads.

The original cost of electrification (exclusive of the 1927 Black River Jct.-Seattle portion), including equipment, labor, material, locomotives, and structures, was about $23 million. After 8½ years of such operation, that investment had been recouped by 1925 in savings and an additional $12.4 million in savings realized by the railroad, in comparison to what the projected cost of steam operation in those districts would have been.

The electrical system employs 3,000-volt DC. This current is gathered by locomotives from an overhead trolley wire (catenary). The power suppliers, the Montana Power Co., the Washington Water Power Co., and the Puget Sound Power & Light Co. supply 100,000-volt AC and at the 22 substations, located about 30 miles apart, the electricity is converted to the system voltage and fed into the trolley wire.

The 3,000-volt system, when built, was the highest voltage ever adopted for railroad use. Modern electrified operations, like most of those in Europe, require a much higher voltage, usually 25,000 volts AC, but some new systems are using 50,000.

Milwaukee's electrification aimed at economy in heavy freight and passenger service on mountain grades. The electrified sections cross five mountain ranges: the Belt and Rocky Mountains in Montana, the Bitter Roots in Idaho, and the Saddle and Cascade Mountains in Washington. While the Milwaukee's was not the world's first railroad electrification, it was the first long-distance electrification and the first undertaken solely for economic reasons. Earlier electrifications were for purposes such as elimination of smoke in tunnels and terminals and increased traction on certain mountain grades.

Electric locomotives had several advantages over steam power: greater hauling capacity up stiff grades, less maintenance and fuel cost, and a longer life expectancy. Besides, they were more reliable and efficient in extreme winter weather. The elimination of a need for hauling and storing coal and water for steamers and the increased use of locomotives and manpower likewise saved money. But the advent of diesel operation doomed not only steam but also, eventually, electric power on the Milwaukee Road.

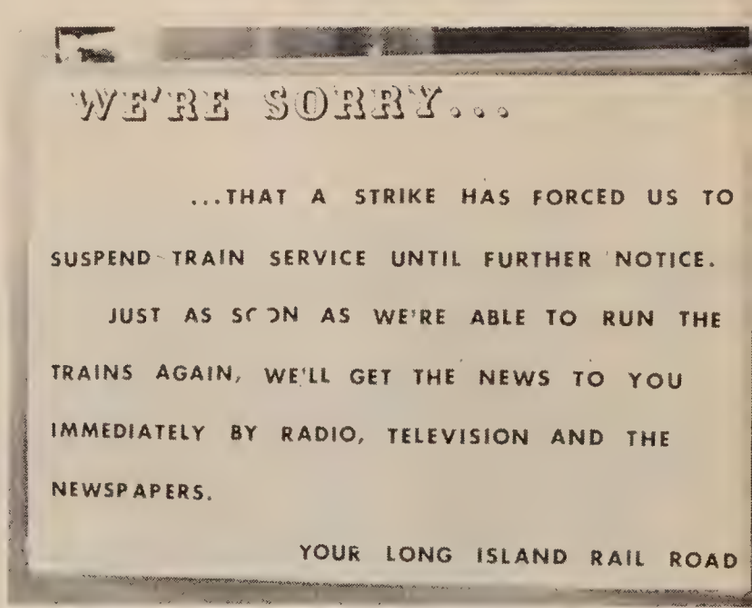
Donald C. Dietrich, 9508 15th Avenue NE, Seattle, Wash. 98115

Milwaukee Road E45BCA rests between assignments at Avery, Idaho, west end of the Rocky Mountain electrification on beautiful day in June.

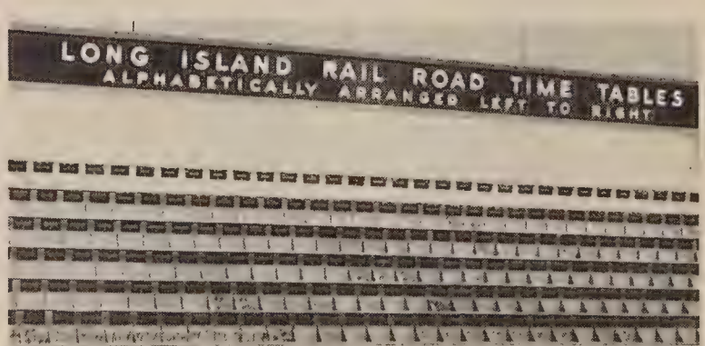
WHAT A RAILROAD LOOKS LIKE DURING A STRIKE

When Long Island Rail Road strike began late in 1972, Jamaica Station looked like this. During normal operations all platforms are jammed

J.C. Farrington, manager of photo services, Long Island Railroad. (Metro Lines)


WE'RE SORRY...
...THAT A STRIKE HAS FORCED US TO SUSPEND TRAIN SERVICE UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.
JUST AS SOON AS WE'RE ABLE TO RUN THE TRAINS AGAIN, WE'LL GET THE NEWS TO YOU IMMEDIATELY BY RADIO, TELEVISION AND THE NEWSPAPERS.
YOUR LONG ISLAND RAIL ROAD

Bulletin sums up commuter woes of recent unlamented strike.

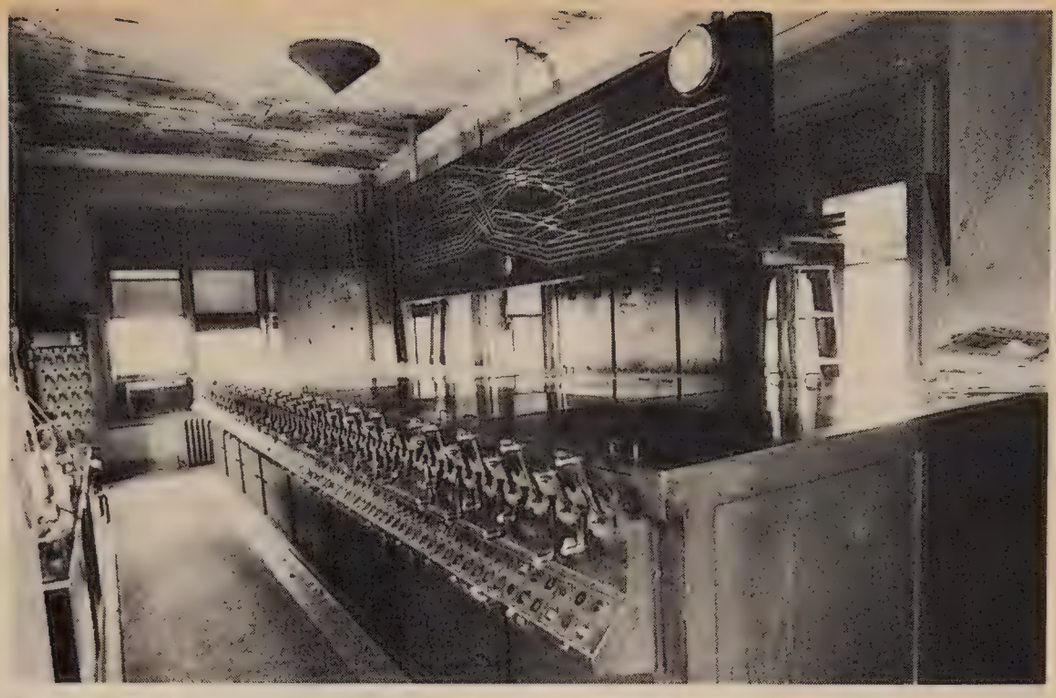


It wouldn't have made any difference if timetables were still there.

Very few travelers have ever seen Jamaica station like this. Longest strike to ever effect the road closed even the bootblack's spot.

Loneliness of this strikebound road is quite apparent by tied up diesels used in better days to haul trains to Manhattan, Glen Head, and other places.

(Top) Cathedral hush cloaks normally busy shop. (Bottom) Tracks in and out of Jamaica have that Doomsday appearance of railroad shutdown.



On an average day about 5 p.m., and no strike, tower would be a scene of busy men and hot levers.

Pale wintry sunlight shines on cars left unfinished in shop while long strike dragged into 1973.

The LI car shops in Morris Park, usually filled with men and noise, stands gaunt and quiet.

IN SEARCH OF STEAM

Mike Eagleson

THE *FLYING SCOTSMAN,* one of Britain's famous locomotives, No. 4472, is now at home in England after a financially disastrous American and Canadian tour. The 50-year-old 4-6-2 arrived by ship at Liverpool docks on February 9th aboard Blue Star Line's *California Star.* There is some talk of taking the glamorous 3-cylinder Pacific to Doncaster as the centerpiece of Impel '73, a British promotional scheme, and undoubtedly she will be used on more fantrips.

BONHOMIE & HATTIESBURG SOUTHERN 2-8-2 No. 300, rumor says, has been sold and will leave her dark enginehouse stall in Mississippi after more than a dreary decade of inoperation, for shipment to the Black River & Western in New Jersey.

THREE unprotected and vandalized ex-Ferrocarril Coahuila-Zacateacas 36-inch-gage locos had been rusting away near Brackett Airport in La Verne, Calif., since 1965. Recently they were moved to storage behind a wire fence at the Chino, Calif., airport, reports Robert F. Shaw, 930 Majella Ave., La Verne 91750. Last December, 4-6-0 No. 6 was repaired and now sits on display at the Depot Restaurant on a corner of Indian Hill Blvd. and Santa Fe Street, Claremont, Calif. The other two engines, 1 and 12, both 2-8-0's, were purchased by Specialty Restaurants Corp., 2977 Redondo Ave., Long Beach, Calif, which is building a chain of railroad-theme eateries and needs more steam engines, according to purchasing agent Frances Martell.

A SHAY locomotive may be viewed and photographed at the Pennsylvania Lumber Museum on U.S. Highway 6, ten miles east of Coudersport and ten miles west of Galeton in Potter County. Rails have been laid for a loop around the grounds for future tourist operation.

TWO Buffalo Slag Co. steamers—one tanker and one tender engine, both 0-4-0's—were up for sale in 1971. Unhappy with the low offers for buying them, the company scrapped both, refusing to donate either. So says Peter R. Switalski, 16 West Park, Grand Island, N.Y. 14072.

Three steamers are stored in a gravel pit at Malvern, Ark., on the banks of the Ouachita River, reports Edward W. Crane, 4232 Malvern Rd., Hot Springs, Ark. At least one is a Davenport. Although all are in bad shape, the owners say they're not for sale. Ed is presently trying to obtain another "find" of his: three little 20-inch-gage steamers which rest on top of a mountain in the West. These 1880-built engines are perforated by bullet holes, which Ed claims are due to Indian raiders; but it seems more likely that they were made by someone out hunting and taking target practice. Good luck on your project, Ed! Tell me if you succeed.

Flying Scotsman **being hoisted aboard vessel at Oakland, Calif., for voyage to Liverpool, England.**

Smoke 'n snow. No. 25 of the McCloud River Railroad thunders past photo-line for members of Pacific Locomotive Association, near Mt. Shasta, Calif., on their annual snow trip, Jan. 28, 1973. This Prairie was built for the McCloud River in 1925. The plowed right-of-way hides drivers of loco.

Gary G. Allen, 215½ E. Palmer Ave., Glendale, Calif. 91205

A BALDWIN 2-6-2 built in 1911, is being refurbished in Halifax, Nova Scotia, to go on display at headquarters of the Scotian Railroad Society of Halifax. The little 2-6-2 was hauling coal cars around the Drummond colliery in Westfield as late in 1967, when a diesel replaced her. Once, when the new power derailed, the steamer was fired-up to rerail her. I doubt that the engine will ever operate at the museum. This news comes from Ron Vandenburgh, Box 323, Southampton, Ont., Canada.

Valley Railroad Prairie No. 103 highballing four coaches and gondola consist near Deep River, Ct.

Matt Pisani, 34 Leah Drive, Brockton, Mass. 02401

ERSTWHILE Canadian Pacific No. 2839, a handsome 4-6-4 now owned by the Royal Hudson Locomotive Co. Ltd. and leased to the Atlantic Central Steam Company, is under heavy repair at an undisclosed location in eastern Pennsylvania. If work progresses as planned, this last example of an operating 4-6-4 could be in steam by fall. Several items are still needed: steam pressure gages from 0-200 psi and 0-400 psi, a water glass and shield assembly with light, rings for the water end of the Elesco feedwater pump, and Union links. Also needed are a two-foot rod from the valve gear. If donated from an existing Royal Hudson, a duplicate set would be made to return to the owner. The project also requires cab side CP beaver boards, an H-1c class tender plate, and any pertinent data on these Hudsons, such as drawings, technical manuals on pumps, injectors, superheaters and related appliances.

If you have any of these items, please contact Atlantic Central's president, Bob Spanagel, 607 Baldwin Ave., Norristown, Pa. 19403. The sooner North America's only example of a streamlined Hudson is burnishing the rails again, the sooner we can all share in the excitement she affords.

ALL of the Richmond, Fredericksburg & Potomac 4-8-4 Governor types mentioned in my Feb. '73 column have been scrapped, laments Gary M. Thompson, 1207 W. 47th St., Richmond, Va. 23225. The last steam run occurred Jan. 3, 1954, and all steamers were cut up within a year and a half afterward. What a shame, the R.F.& P. didn't save a single steamer.

MICHIGAN'S Marquette & Huron Mountain is back running after a regrettable 6-year suspension. Its motive power is Ex-Lake Superior & Ishpeming 2-8-0 No. 23, which Richard Jensen of Chicago overhauled last year. Dick himself owns several steamers, including ex-CB4Q 4-8-4 No. 5632 and ex-GTW 4-6-2 No. 5629, both of fantrip fame.

STONE MOUNTAIN SCENIC in Georgia sold its ex-Illinois Central switcher No. 3525 to the Southwest Virginia Railroad. Who can tell me the new owner's plans for this 0-8-0?

WILMINGTON WESTERN in Delaware has finally completed rebuilding its ex-Mississippi Central 4-4-0 No. 98 and has tried her out in steam.

TEXAS Parks and Wildlife Service is starting an operating Museum between Palestine and Rusk. Former Southern Pine Lumber 2-8-0 No. 28 (an ex-Army Pershing type from World War I), and an ex-Army WW 11 2-8-0 from Fort Eustis, Va., will be the motive power on this 33-mile line. ●

Mike Eagleson does not work in our office. To save time, send steam mail directly to his home, Edgemere Road, Mount Arlington, N.J. 07856.

Photograph by Michael A. Eagleson

Ex-Canadian Pacific Royal Hudson No. 2839 gets the last of her superheater tubes removed for testing and repair in eastern Pa., September '72.

INTERESTING RAILFANS No. 125

FRED M. SPRINGER

by FREEMAN HUBBARD

Fred Springer in cab of Denver & Rio Grande Western No. 278 on display at Montrose, Colorado, in 1958. Vandals have been busy on the cab of C-16.

LONG AGO, when Britain ruled over one-quarter of the earth's land, 563 million people, and the seven seas, Prime Minister Benjamin Disraeli once urged an official with a one-track mind, "Come out of the parish into the Empire!" This philosophy is good today. It fits the average railfan photographer who limits his subjects to engines and trains. Beyond the present scope of his camera is a whole empire of railroadiana such as depots, freight and passenger cars, snowplows, work and wrecking equipment, shops, bridges and tunnels, signals, track patterns, engine-washing facilities, and especially men at work, all of which are gradually disappearing.

Locomotives and trains are dramatic but do not tell the full story of rail transportation. That, in effect, is what Everett L. DeGolyer of Dallas, Texas, one of our *Interesting Railfans,* said some time ago to Fred M. Springer, a companion on his picture-taking jaunts. Fred took this advice seriously. Until then, he had been a conventional rail cameraman, shooting only locos and the cars attached to them; but at Everett's suggestion he rolled back his horizon, emerged from the parish into the empire, and began clicking his shutter at other phases of railroading.

Fred was born June 30, 1928, in Washington, D.C. Both his father, George E. Springer, district manager for a silk hosiery mill, and his mother had come from Iowa farms. The family moved around the country almost annually as Mr. Springer was re-assigned to new districts, and the lad attended his first six grades of public school in four different cities ranging from Omaha, Nebraska, to Rochester, N.Y. At length the father found northern winters so severe that he shifted his brood to Houston, Texas, and went into the insurance business there. Fred finished high school in Houston and, as we shall see later, married a Texas girl.

Those were the great days of passenger service. Spending school vacations with his grandparents in Iowa and traveling by rail each way, Fred was spellbound by the trains he rode—the Illinois Central's *Hawkeye* and *Land o' Corn,* the Southern Pacific's *Sunbeam* and *Hustler,* the M-K-T's *Bluebonnet,* and a Waterloo, Cedar Falls & Northern interurban line—and thus he became a railbuff.

At Independence, Iowa, his daily summer routine with one grandfather involved delivering huge milk cans to a creamery next door to the IC depot and meeting the morning passenger trains with their brisk, blue-coated, brass-buttoned conductors. Another factor which helped to turn our hero into a hobbyist was handling local mail for a chum's father, a Railway Post Office clerk on one of those trains. Still another was *Railroad Magazine,* to which Walter Robbins of Palestine, Texas, introduced him. Walter was a Missouri Pacific conductor and a contributor to this magazine, with a wide knowledge of rail history, and he started the boy collecting railroadiana.

In early youth Fred took up model railroading, as most of us did. A teen-age neighbor, Francis Winters of Houston, aided and abetted him in this hobby. Francis had an uncle who was a division superintendent on the Denver, Rio Grande & Western and he modeled a miniature version of that road in a room attached to his family garage, with Fred assisting. Later, the two fellows rode the narrow-gage out of Alamosa and camped under the sun and stars in high country

Dallas Railway & Terminal car 745 crosses Trinity River trestle, Dallas, Texas, in Nov. 1955.
Photographs by Fred

Steam in the hills, Paul Springer revels in being a railroader for a day as he boards old Meadow River Lumber Co. caboose on Cass Scenic R.R.

near Cumbres Pass, an adventure they'll never forget.

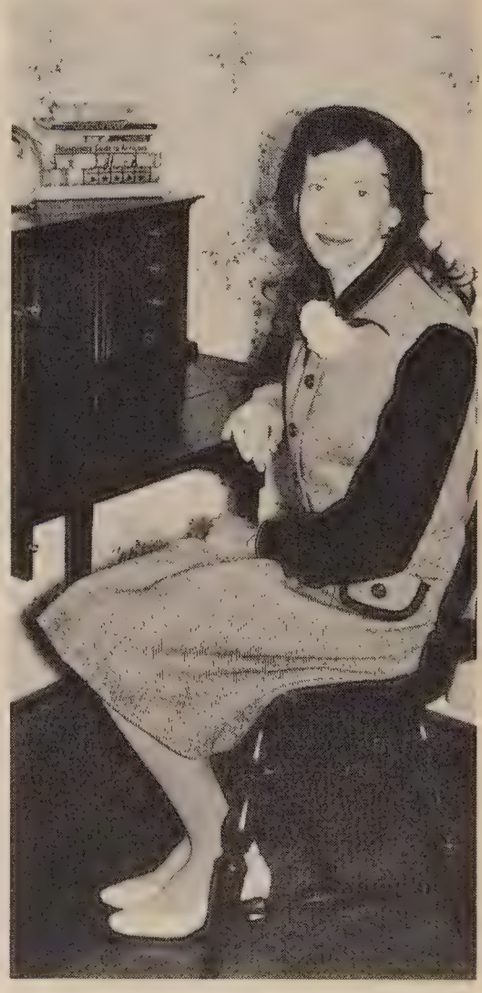
"Fred and I had some happy summers climbing around, over, and under the D&RGW in Colorado, especially the narrow-gage," Francis writes. "On one occasion I picked him up in Lubbock, Texas, and drove him to Alamosa, where we parked the car. After a week's camp-out and fishing, with no bath, shave, or fresh clothing, we looked rather seedy. Then we took a train to Santa Fe, N.M., to do some shopping for our families. The closer we got to that city the more self-conscious we felt, especially when we read signs that the place was celebrating its 350th anniversary. But when we got there and observed that all the men were wearing beards for the occasion we quickly felt at ease."

Today, as a member of the New Jersey Live Steamers, Fred has a major interest in one-inch scale operation of an 0-4-0 switch engine on NJSL trackage. This "goat" and photography obsess him as hobbies. Some of his earliest rail shots show the Moscow, Camden & San Augustine and other little "pikes" of Texas. He prefers short lines to the extent that he sometimes passes up photo opportunities on trunk roads. Late one mid-winter night, while picture-chasing with De Golyer, he found an old steam engine displayed near a mining company office in Pennsylvania.

"We both use Tri-X speed black-and-white film," he says. "With tripods and good lenses, despite the very cold weather, we made some excellent studies of the black locomotive, although a drunk staggering out of a nearby bar tried to dissuade us from doing so."

DeGolyer comments: "While Fred will go out of his way to capture steam, which is dear to his heart, I want to see stations. I like to think that I introduced him to the joys of dieseldom. One balmy September day in 1965 at an industrial plant in North Bound Brook, N.J., Fred remarked, 'That must be a Fairbanks-Morse,' and I snapped back: 'No, it's an Alco HH-660.' Later on in the day we both encountered baby-face diesel freights at High Bridge, and with the sun almost set we got perfect shots. I imagine that Fred has been looking carefully at diesels ever since."

Meanwhile, in December '61, after all Texas railroads had been dieselized, a rush of business prompted the MC&SA, the Angelina & Neches, and the Texas South-Eastern to use steam again. Fred and two other fans, George Werner and Joe R. Thompson, recorded on films what



Fred's wife, Dale, in their home at Summit

Coal smoke and a beautiful day in June, 1966, make riding behind Arcade & Attica No. 14 a delight.

Woodburner Prairie No. 7 of Louisiana Long Leaf Lumber Co. in Fisher, La., on a wet day in February 1962. The loco, Baldwin-built in 1907, is said to have been last active woodburner in U.S.

was probably the last simultaneous operation of more than one steamer in the Lone Star State. On subsequent outings, those three youths journeyed down into Mexico and across the South in quest of steam. Fred also remembers some delightful trips on the Rio Grande Southern's *Galloping Goose* and the *San Juan* on Rocky Mountain Club specials out of Alamosa and particularly on a club-chartered train over the D&RGW and RGS.

"I really enjoyed our week-long dash through Mexico in 1963," Joe Thompson reminisces. "We rumbled from Laredo to Mexico City and then to Puebla and Veracruz. It seems that few Mexican trains run on time, which meant that we rode the cushions all day long, often till ten p.m. After missing a train connection, we climbed into a second-class bus to continue our journey, sitting with farmers and their bales of hay. Later, we learned that if our bus trip had been on a week-day we'd have had pigs and chickens for fellow passengers," he chuckles.

Another of Fred's fantrip comrades, Bill Schaeffer of Houston, who first met him in 1942, recollects that at that time his friend had begun to collect railroad books and was building O gage model trains, financing both projects by delivering *The Saturday Evening Post* to subscribers. Bill sometimes accompanied him on this route. Our hero persuaded Bill to build HO gage models. The two boys, who were high school mates, occasionally rode their bicycles to a Southern Pacific spur which was then on the western limit of Houston but is now at least ten miles inside the city. Later, they took long train trips together.

Fred says: "I like to cover a short line's typical work day, shooting the daily conduct of business, both road and yard operations, as well as equipment, depots, and other structures. Also crumbling old enginehouses and stations on abandoned routes overgrown with weeds, and the now-rare mixed trains, doodlebugs, and branch lines."

Eventually he broadened his hobby to include a few larger roads. But even though he has "come out of the parish," so to speak, his favorite photographic subject is still a short-line steam engine, either active or still, with or without a train but preferably pulling a mixed passenger or a local.

Fred's medium height and weight, albeit slimmer than the average, would hardly stand out in a crowd; but once you heard his Texas drawl, his "hog-calling" voice, you'd never mistake it. He dresses and thinks conservatively, is a rock-ribbed Methodist and an Old Guard Democrat. At school his best subjects were mathematics and science, and he studied engineering with the aim of going into the oil business. After graduating in 1949 from the Missouri School of Mines with a degree in mechanical engineering, he hired out to a pipe-line company as machinist helper at Sundown, Texas.

Although railfan 125 is a registered professional engineer in Texas, Oklahoma, and Kansas, his entire working career has been with Mobil Oil Corp., its predecessors or affiliates. He has had 23 different jobs in 16 localities and is currently stationed in New York City as manager of planning coordination in Mobil Oil's corporate headquarters, a giant skyscraper almost directly across the street from the *Railroad Magazine* office.

Romance entered his life in September, 1953, at the close of a church service in Sweetwater, Texas, when, over a cup of coffee Fred became acquainted with Dale Marie Mizell, tall and slender, with auburn hair and green eyes. He will always remember that day. Dale was then employed by an insurance agent in Sweetwater, her native city. Fred found her fascinating. In a high mood he laughed, told stories. He knew even then that they would meet again, and often. The attraction was mutual.

"I was impressed," Dale informs us, "by the fact that a young oil-field worker would come into a strange community and promptly take part in church activi-

ties. Fred was the kind of man I wanted to spend the rest of my life with."

A year later they were married. They have three children: Kathryn, 12; Paul, 9, and Carol, 7. All five members of the family are musical. Fred played the clarinet in high school and college bands and orchestras; Dale is a pianist; Kathryn plays the flute and is in the voice and hand-bell choirs of their Methodist church; Paul is learning the trumpet, and little Carol sings in a cherub choir. The children have a cat named Spotty and a pet gerbil named Harry. (In case you don't know, a gerbil is a tiny rodent that hops like a kangaroo.)

The Springers have a two-story, Colonial-type, suburban home at 17 Glen Oaks Avenue, Summit, N.J. 07901. On the ground floor, a railroad office and library has a large roll-top desk that one of Fred's grandfathers used as a practicing attorney. Wooden filing cabinets hold an extensive collection of public and employe timetables—which Fred accumulated long ago by writing penny postalcards to every railroad listed in *The Official Guide*. This collection method would not succeed today because the timetable hobby has grown vastly in recent years and because the railroad companies no longer have large public relation staffs to answer such inquiries nor the money to afford generous distribution of tts. Fred also has many old annual passes, mostly from short lines and the Southwest, and such hardware as a Jersey Central baggage cart, motormen's controls, tie plates, and seats from interurban and street cars.

Helping him to keep physically fit are the fairly long walks he takes each working day to and from the railroad stations in both Summit and midtown Manhattan. He also rides a bike now and then. The Springers go in mostly for Texas cooking, Mexican food, cornbread, jumbo grapefruits and pecans shipped up from Texas, and so on. Dale likes to cook and sew.

"Usually you'll find a pot of steaming coffee in our house," Fred says, "and I'm sure I drink too much of it; but we never smoke nor use alcoholic beverages."

A cheery Yuletide letter that Henry F. Bender, Jr., of San Jose, Calif., received from the Springers invited him to visit them. "Come on in," it said. "Dale has made the coffee and some gingerbread. There's a fire in the fireplace and we are going to look at some pictures reviewing our activities this year."

Fred admits that his biggest mistake is common among mature railfans—not having photographed the railroad scenes of his early youth nor collected railroadiana when it was readily available. But he is a "joiner." Many years ago *Railroad Magazine* sponsored the International Engine Picture Club, later renamed Railroad Camera Club, now extinct. Fred joined it. He belongs to the Southwest Railroad Historical Society, which owns and exhibits locomotives, etc., on the Dallas State Fair grounds; the Railway & Locomotive Historical Society, the Rocky Mountain Railroad Club, the National Model Railroad Association, and several groups in his business and professional field.

One of the Mobil Oil representatives he worked with is Bob Denton of Midland, Texas, a former brass pounder and *Railroad Magazine* contributor. The two men have done quite a bit of railfan traveling together.

Three photos by Fred Springer

Summer and smoke in West Virginia hills with Fred Springer, wife Dale, two daughters, Carol and Kathryn, and son, Paul, riding Cass Scenic R.R.

Cotton Belt in steam. St. Louis-Southwestern Mogul No. 336, built by Baldwin in March, '09, shown running light on gravel pit track in cracker-barrel rural Lewisville, Arkansas, in November, '60. Photographs by Fred Springer

"When Fred was here with me in 1960," Bob recalls, "we made countless trips on company business in western Texas and New Mexico. We'd stop at depots and yard offices, where he managed often to talk railroad employes out of timecards, passenger schedules, or *Official Guides.* I believe Fred knows more passenger schedules all over the country than do most active passenger agents. In 1971 the Springer family rode an Amtrak Pullman from New York to Del Rio, Texas, then on the tri-weekly *Sunset Limited.* No hand luggage could be checked on that train, but my resourceful friend solved the dilemma by paying for two drawing-rooms, in one of which he stored his baggage."

On one Mexican outing with Bob Denton he took three pictures of the Coahuila & Zacatecas that we published in our Nov. '69 *Photographs of the Month.* Fred is proud of them. He also feels good about shots of his that help to illustrate such books as *Santa Fe Trail, New Mexico's Railroads,* and Michael Koch's *The Shay Locomotive.*

"While I was researching for that book," says Mike, one of our *Interesting Railfans,* "Fred would come to my home in Scarsdale, N.Y., with information I needed on logging roads in Texas and New Mexico. If he didn't have the data himself, he found someone else who did."

Fred has done much to help railroad historians with Southwestern material for their books and magazine articles. He himself wrote *The Southern Pacific Lines in Eastern New Mexico,* which the Railroad Club of New Mexico published as a three-part serial. It made quite a hit. The same club also put out two shorter pieces by Fred. At one time in his pipe-line career several trade publications printed a paper of his on *Dispatching as an Aid in Controlling Operating Expenses.* Dale is proud of her husband's accomplishments.

"The most significant phase of our life together is the religious aspect," she adds, "without which life would hardly be worth living. I am glad Fred has a relaxing hobby, but I mildly object to his 'tuning out' the children and myself while he is reading or involved in some project."

That trait, dear lady, is as old as mankind. A divided mind cannot fully concentrate on any subject. The story is told of Socrates seated under a roadside tree thinking so intensively that an entire Greek army marched past without his being aware of it! And speaking of "army," Fred had two years of drafted military service, becoming a sergeant and seeing a lot of steam railroading in Germany and elsewhere in Europe. He still uses the Zeiss 120 roll-film camera he bought in Germany.

His reading matter is fairly diverse. Naturally, it includes railroad history. Also Western and Texas history, the oil industry, mystery novels, Christian religion, *Railroad Magazine, Trains,* several model, business, and petroleum magazines, *The New York Times,* and *The Wall Street Journal.* He finds almost no time at all for TV except to watch the Dallas Cowboys play football.

Like most of us, Fred has known much joy and even stark tragedy. Some years ago he lost his mother and one of his daughters in an automobile accident. America's highway death list of more than 1,000 persons a week is one of the high prices our nation pays for the convenience of riding motor vehicles. Another high price, of course, is air pollution. The answer to both problems would be fewer automobiles and more trains.

Because of his life work and his hobby, Fred Springer is in the anomalous position of favoring both more highways and more railroad trains. His greatest temptation, he says, is to take on more projects than time permits him to finish in the manner he desires. When frustrations seem to gang up on him, he finds relief in a long hike, an hour spent in church, operating his live steamer, or a good night's sleep.

INFORMATION BOOTH

ASK BARBARA: Railroad questions are answered here—as many as space permits. Address Miss Barbara Kreimer, *Railroad Magazine*, No questions will be answered by mail or telephone.

1 ***Where and when were the steam locomotives Punch and Judy in western operation?***

According to oldtimers who worked the Colorado narrow-gage roads in early days of railroading through the Rockies, the Colorado & Southern had two 0-4-0's called *Punch* and *Judy,* which pulled the road's first passenger trains, consisting of two cars, into Georgetown and Central City, Colo. Two other engines, in service between Denver and Golden at the same time, were eight-wheelers.

2 ***What was Canadian National's oil-electric loco 9000?***

Made up of two identical coupled units, Nos. 9000 and 9001, this unit was built by the Canadian Locomotive Co. in 1928 and 1929, had 51" drivers, and weighed 668,000 lbs. The oil motors were built by William Beardmore & Co. of Glasgow, Scotland; the electric motors by Canadian Westinghouse.

3 ***Did department store tycoon A.T. Stewart ever own a railroad?***

He sure did. The Stewart Railroad built about 1875 by A.T. Stewart of New York City, was operated by him for a few years. Then at a foreclosure in 1879 it was sold to the Long Island Rail Road. It ran from Floral Park to Bethpage and from Garden City to Hempstead. Incidentally, Stewart's old store was acquired by John Wanamaker, of Philadelphia, onetime Postmaster General, and was razed some years ago. A weird angle to this chronicle is that millionaire Stewart's body was stolen from its grave, held for ransom, later recovered, and finally reburied in a burglar-proof tomb.

4 ***Early history, please, of the Western Maryland.***

The WM was incorporated in 1910 as successor to a company of the same name, which had been incorporated in 1852 as the Baltimore, Carroll & Frederick. The original name was changed to Western Maryland in 1853. In 1917 the road was consolidated with the Baltimore & Harrisburg, the Baltimore & Harrisburg Ry. Western Extension, the Baltimore & Cumberland Valley, the George's Creek & Cumberland, and the Connellsville & State Line.

5 ***How were smoke and gas fumes ejected from the 36 miles of snowshed on Southern Pacific's Sierra route?***

Vents placed directly under the overhanging eaves of the sheds aided in the escape of fumes, and even in heavy snows one side of the shed was at least partly open. Thirty-six represented the total mileage, which was broken into sections. In the summertime, parts of the sheds were taken down, to facilitate ventilation and minimize the danger of fire.

6 ***What was the Shay gear on a steam locomotive?***

The Shay used a gearing system to obtain greater power than would otherwise be generated by an engine its size. Two or three cylinders were arranged vertically on the right side of the boiler, and these were direct-connected to a horizontal drive shaft geared to each axle of the two or more four-wheel trucks. To offset the greater weight on the right side, the boiler was set to the left just enough to balance the engine perfectly. The Shay was never suited for mainline service because of its low maximum speed (about 20 mph). For further details, see Michael Koch's recent book, *The Shay Locomotive.*

7 ***When did Baldwin Locomotive Works first build cast-steel frames?***

They were applied to a consignment of Consolidations outshopped for the Santa Fe in 1898.

8 ***Where did the two-foot Billerica & Bedford operate?***

The B&B was chartered in 1876, opened the next year, ran for 9 miles between Bedford and North Billerica, Mass., and had two locos and four cars when it went bankrupt in 1878.

9 ***Words please to "Night Yard Goat."***

Here they are, but the author is unknown.

The graveyard goat starts out at twelve
To do her nightly grind
And clean up work the day crew drops,
Ties up, and leaves behind.
The Y.M. writes his "yellow sheet";
The foreman reads it through
To get a line on this night's chores;
So let's look with him, too.

"Be sure you turn the cinder pit
First thing, then spot the dock.
You'll find three hoppers on South One
Behind ten gons of rock.
The agent wants the team track switched;
Then come against Track Four
And weed the empty non-fits out;
There should be eight or more.

"The boss wants two Class A's—
Just handle them with care;
You wabashed one last night and now
The super's in my hair.
Then go on and pull the rip,
Fill Nine with light repair,
And bunch the B.O. heavies, too;
Just leave them anywhere.

"Now get together fifteen gons
And twenty okay hops
To stock Mine Three; pull in the coat
And block the flats and drops.
Two coal drags going out tonight
Off Two and Five; you've got
To shove 'em to the limit board
If they're here until they rot.

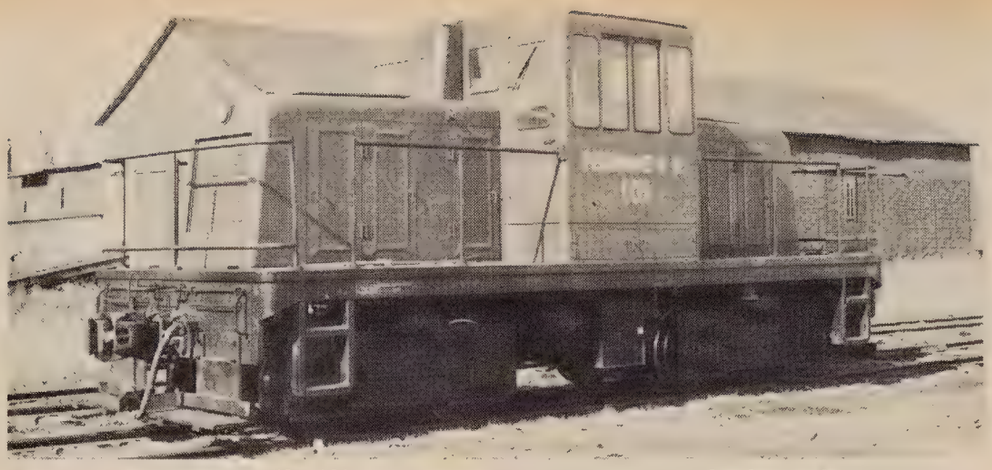
"Make up the timers, north and south,
And get them going quick;
Six, yesterday, was one hour late;
It made the G.M. sick.
Now do your best and keep off spot
And don't commit the crime
Of leaving anything undone;
But mind—no overtime!"

10 ***What specifically is required for an employe to have a "current connection with the railroad industry?"***

He should have worked for a railroad in at least 12 out of the last 30 months before his annuity begins. If he does not qualify in that respect, an earlier 30-month period may be used, provided the employe had no regular non-rail employment in the meantime. Self-employment does not affect a current connection.

11 ***I have a picture of Canadian Pacific No. 9000. Was she a multi-pressure locomotive?***

No, for the simple reason that she used three separate boiler pressures. One of them, 1,350 lbs., was contained in sealed tubes and was employed merely to heat a small boiler generating 850 lbs. of steam per square inch. This boiler was connected with the small cylinder, (15½x28"), which used steam and then exhausted it into the main cylinders, 24x30". However, the main cylinders also were supplied by the main boiler, which generated steam at 250 lbs. pressure. Weighing 485,000 lbs. without tender, the loco had 63"-drivers and exert-



There's no one around, so No. 101 of Ferdinand Railroad decides to slumber under a warm sun.

Three photos by Sy Reich, P.O. Box 2341, New York, N.Y. 10001

ed 90,000 lbs. tractive force.

12 ***What did the "&" stand for in Mallet dimensions?***

Since Mallets were compound four-cylinder locos, two cylinders were naturally larger than the others. An engine with the figures 22&35x32" in her dimensions would have had two cylinders 22 inches in diameter and two 35 inches in diameter. All would have had a 32" stroke.

13 ***Was there ever a Carolina Railroad?***

Sure was. The Kinston-Carolina line, known as the Carolina Railroad, was incorporated in 1910 as a reorganization of the Kinston Lumber Co. It ran from Kinston to Beulaville, N.C., 30 miles; was standard gage, had 3 cars and one 4-4-0 steamer, No. 28, built by Baldwin in 1898. The road was abandoned in 1929.

Running Extra

This section is devoted mainly to readers' comments on material used in previous *Information Booths* as well as questions which we haven't time or space to answer in the current department.

Books by Lucius Beebe and Charles Clegg on the Virginia & Truckee say the V&T engines *Genoa, Empire,* and *Bowker* were presented to the R&LHS. What other rolling stock does this Society own? Where is its collection located and is it open to the public? What happened to the V&T locos and cars owned by Paramount Pictures and presumably sold with their other props?—Howard V. Young, 206 Boswell Drive, Hampton, Va. 23369. (For details on R&LHS western operations contact Fred A. Stindt, chairman of Pacific Coast Chapter, 978 Emerald Hill Rd., Redwood, Calif. 94061, and Wm. B. Fletcher, chairman of Southern California Chapter, 7515 Yankey St., Downey, Calif. 90242).

Answering a question about the "Hooterville Cannonball": this 4-6-0 is Sierra Railroad No. 3. A wooden mockup was built for studio use. After the network filming stopped, the model went to the Hoyt Hotel in Portland, Ore., now closed. Petticoat Junction shows still seen on TV are syndicated reruns.—Michael Denuty, Box 70, Pomeroy, Wash. 99347.

Who can supply data on Grand Trunk Western engines 6312-6336?—Tom Harrill, 14485 Spruce St., Monroe, Mich. 48161.

Today, three or four diesel units cross a nearby railroad bridge that years ago handled two or three steam locos. Are these diesels lighter in weight, thus creating less strain on the bridge?—William J. Brooks, P.O. Box 368, Bellows Falls, Vt. 05101.

Regarding the inquiry about the number of the Pennsy K4 engines involved in the Woodbridge wreck: the train involved was No. 733 on Feb. 6, 1951. The K4 was the 2445 pulling eleven cars. I remember it all too well.—John H. Bishop, conductor on train 733 (no address).

Is the Morse telegraph still being used in Central and South America?—Wm. Thompson, 200 Palm Ave., Millbrae, Calif. 94030.

Commenting on your answer to a question in January issue about 19 and 31 train orders: On many U.S. roads, positive meet orders and wait orders are issued on 19 forms. In fact, some roads hardly use a 31 at all. The practice on a road that I'm familiar with is to issue a 19 (I'm referring to a positive meet) to the trains involved and a "middle" order (also a 19) to the operator at the meeting point. He or she, in turn, delivers a copy of this "middle" order to the first train arriving.—Wesley Stead, Box 92, Effingham, Ill. 62401.

What power did the Great Northern use on the *Oriental Limited* through Larimore, N.D., in 1913? The east and westbound trains had a meet at Larimore, about 30 miles west of Grand Forks, daily at 9 pm. Would like to get pictures of these engines.—W.S. Oakes, 1328 Rock Springs Rd., Escondido, Calif. 92025.

A few railroad ties have been given to me for use in building a non-profit railroad museum. On one end is the letter S, about five inches high and two inches wide. What does the S stand for?—Emerson Buel, Buel's Wharton Valley Railroad Museum, Lock Box No. 28, Burlington Flatts, N.Y. 13315.

Which class of locomotives pulled Death Valley Scotty's special train over the Santa Fe from Los Angeles to Chicago in July, 1905? I'm especially interested in the loco numbers and class used between La Junta, Colo., and Kansas City, Mo.—Louis Mallory, 902 Oklahoma St., Branson, Mo. 65616.

I am trying to line up sources of information on all funicular railways in the U.S., past and present, for a book being written by a Swiss engineer. Who can help?—Morris W. Abbott, 33 Driftwood Lane, Milford, Conn. 06460.

What road was the LE&W?—J. Herman, P.O. Box 353, Connersville, Ind. 47331. *(Ed. note:* Lake Erie & Western.)

Principal specifications wanted of Union Pacific Northerns and Southern Pacific Daylights.—John Williams, Reservoir Rd., Walpole, N.H.

I want a good picture of a steam train at Rutland station, Cuttingsville, Vt.—Hugh Douglass, 53-31 251st Place, Little Neck, N.Y. 11362.

According to the *Official Guide* of April, 1940, the condensed schedules of the Atlantic Coast Line, page 548, designated the through equipment of the *Florida Special,* between Boston and Florida points, as leaving Boston on the New Haven at 8:30 a.m. and not joining the regular New York-Florida consist until it reaches Washington. However, schedules of the New Haven on page 82 of that *Guide,* make neither reference to this equipment nor designation of any through trains leaving Boston at 8:30 am. New Haven train No. 75, on page 90, follows a schedule nearly matching the condensed schedule of the ACL, but is shown originating at New Haven, not Boston, and arriving at Grand Central Terminal, not Penn Station. An explanation of this would help in research I'm doing.—Wm. Taylor, 715 Mayfair Circle, Orlando, Fla. 32803.

Having seen Missouri-Illinois equipment on the Union Pacific here in Kearney, I'd like to know something about M-I history.—Hargis Westerfield, 713-15

W. 25th St., Kearney, Nebraska.

Recently I purchased an old-fashioned water pitcher with "DV&BM, Depot Hotel," inscribed on both sides. Was this a long ago abandoned railroad? If so, where did it run?—Mrs. H.L. Buehling, Rte. 1, Lawrence, Mich. 49064.

Can a railfan or historical society fill me in on the old Concord & Claremont that ran in New Hampshire over a century ago?—Edwin B. Judd, 1811 Middle Rd., East Greenwich, R.I. 02818.

I have a Frisco Ry. book of special instructions No. 8, effective Feb. 4, 1945, for Southern Div., Memphis, Tenn., to Birmingham, Ala. It lists Nos. 4200-4219, 2-8-2, as 168 tons without tender; 226 tons tender included. Was this the heaviest Mikado ever built by Baldwin? Frisco also listed ten Pacifics Nos. 1060-1069, each weighing 167 tons without tender; 215 tons with tender. Were these the heaviest 4-6-2's on record?—H.L. Wilson, 13 Washburn St., Gloversville, N.Y. 12078.

Can anyone give me a brief history of Magma Arizona engine No. 7 while she was on the Tremont & Gulf?—Virgil C. Staff, 1700 Sonoma Ave., Berkeley, Calif. 94707.

Fort Dodge, Des Moines & Southern No. 403, with 660 hp., built by GE in '55, weighs in at 70 tons.

Des Moines & Central Iowa Ry. No. 100, with 600 hp., was built by General Electric in 1947.

Hugo Knight asks (in March issue) why milepost 8 stands near Penn Central's station at Newark, N.J., while all public timetables show the distance from Penn Station, New York, to Newark as being 10 miles. Many years ago, the original Pennsylvania Railroad mileposts 0.0 were located at Exchange Place ferry terminal in Jersey City and at Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, both of which are long gone. When Penn Station in Manhattan was opened in 1910, a new 0.0 milepost was established. Mileposts westward from this point, and based upon it, went only to Hudson interlocking in Newark, where the Jersey City mileposts took over. Thus the milepost 8 near the Newark station is not from New York, but from Jersey City.

As terminal points change through the years, no railroad is likely to spend money re-surveying and re-spacing hundreds of mileposts to conform to new terminal locations. Therefore, timetable distances will not always conform to those shown on mileposts, which are used principally as location points of reference.—Bert Pennypacker, 4307 Palmetto St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19124.

Bert Pennypacker also answers a query made by Dan Bower (in March issue), Pennsy owned but 17 true Mallet compound articulated locomotives—that is, ones that used their steam twice. The first was No. 3397, an experimental CC1s 0-8-8-0, received from Baldwin in 1912. Then in 1919, Baldwin built a fleet of ten CC2s 0-8-8-0's. During World War II, PRR acquired from Norfolk & Western six of their Y3 2-8-8-2's, which became Pennsy HH1 numbered 373-378.

Two were simple articulateds that used their steam but once in all four cylinders and, therefore, were not Mallets. The 3396, built by Alco-Schenectady in 1911, was an HH1s 2-8-8-2, while 3700 was a monstrous HC1s 2-8-8-0 built by PRR Altoona shops in 1919. Both were experimentals and were relatively unsuccessful because of steaming problems.

The late steam years designs of 4-4-4-4, 4-6-4-4, 4-4-6-4, and 6-4-4-6 types were neither articulateds nor Mallets, but rigid-underframed, four-cylinder, simple engines.

Complete details about all these locos can be found in the Staufer-Pennypacker book *Pennsy Power,* Vol. I.

Your question 10 in March issue concerns Automatic Car Identification (ACI); but the answer, says Bert Pennypacker, is way off base. The car labels, composed of 13 modules or chevrons in color combinations of white, blue, red, and black, denote digit numbers 1 through 0, plus 10, and are applied to give the type of equipment (freight car, passenger car, caboose, locomotive), the owning railroad, and car number.

The trackside scanner, an electro-optical device, reflects a bright light from the passing car labels, picks up the label color sequences, and sends them via a cable to a nearby decoder-computer which changes the light signals into electical analog code for use in computers and print-out lists as well as transmission to distant points. Weigh-in-motion scales may also be used in conjunction with the ACI scanner.

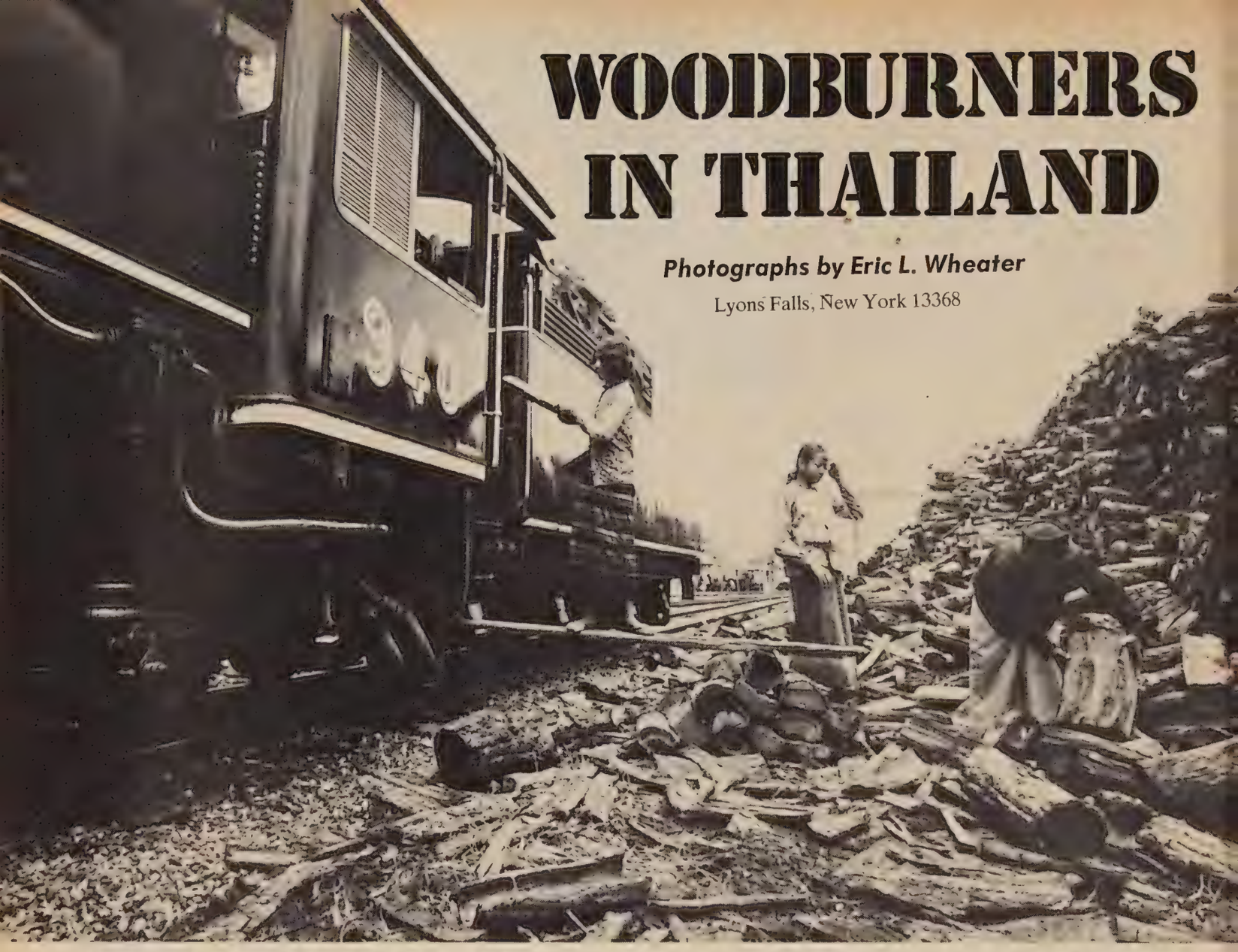
F.H. Worsfield believes that the photo on page 2 in our February issue shows a San Francisco-San Jose commuter train emerging from old Southern Pacific tunnel No. 5 at Sierra Point, South San Francisco. It was not taken near Oakland, as was stated in the caption supplied to us by Jim Seacrest, 2101 Birchwood Rd., North Platte, Neb. 69101. Jim acquired the negative from R.L. Borcherding. Says he: "A good lesson to be learned here. We all should identify our negs. and prints so that, if sold, the buyer will know where they were taken."

Anyone interested in the subject can get a free copy of the new, 22-page, pocket-size *Electronics Symbols Handbook* from Cleveland Institute of Electronics, Adv. Dept., 1776 E. 17th St., Cleveland, Ohio 44114. Symbols are grouped in 19 classifications.

WOODBURNERS IN THAILAND

Photographs by Eric L. Wheater

Lyons Falls, New York 13368



Although the Royal State Railroad of Thailand is rapidly converting to diesel power, there are still many steam locomotives in daily use in country. Because of the quantity and quality of the local forests, wood is the fuel of choice for these engines. Thai women are shown loading wood on engine some 70 miles north of Bangkok. Most of the kettles are medium-sized Pacifics and Mikados displaying builders' plates from Japan

Scene in 1973 showing native locomotive fireman heaving chunks of wood into hungry maw of engine. Hoghead thinks two more will do it.

Wood and water stop at Wang Po along the narrow-gage Royal State Railroad. Interesting house probably is where railroad workers live.

Along the route of the notorious "Death Railway," which included the storied "Bridge over the River Kwai." The railway ends today at Nam Tok.

Slumbering under cloudy skies in the muggy heat of Lampang are two Mikados. Water tower looms over stack of elephant-eared lead 2-8-2.

Hey kids, stay away from that switch! Thai boys trying to unfold secrets of old switch-stand at Nam Tok.

Youthful trackside vendor at station along old "Death Railway" selling a sweet mixture of rice and coconut milk packed in section of bamboo. Even hardened traveler couldn't resist appeal of wistful-eyed native.

Mixed Thai train about to leave infamous Nam Tok of World War 2 for 2½-hour journey to Kanchanaburi. Note ballasted main and passing track.

Woodburner No. 737 of Royal State Railroad pants, anxiously awaiting signal to roll. Recently out of Makkasan shops, ten-wheeler is at Nam Tok.

Handle with care! Thai rail workers gingerly ease Buddha image out of baggage car at Lampang. Two-wheeled cart will take it to a shrine.

NOT IN THE CONTRACT

by Harry Bedwell

SPRAWLED on the camp cot in his boxcar quarters, Eddie Sand discarded ragged sections of the newspapers that a brakeman had tossed off to him in passing, and brooded. Outside, the few dilapidated old buildings that made up the desert train-order station of Gravity clung to the main line and passing track. The high iron ran a bright thread east and west to dim horizons. Glittering sunlight poured over the scorched gray flats. The silence dragged. Even time seemed reluctant to move.

Eddie considered his job with some bitterness. Loyalty was like an exaggerated case of love at first sight; in the initial ardor you were apt to promise more than you were willing to perform in the long run. But even with a war on, "Buck" Barabe had had a hard time trying to persuade Eddie to handle all this undesirable territory—second trick in a livid vacuum. Then, as the summer wore on and the sun sweated fifteen pounds off him, the operator began to loathe everything connected with the parched strip of sand known as Gravity.

The boomer brass pounder wanted to blow the works. But traffic was still rushing. Trains loaded with boys returning home from overseas glutted the lines, and the old-timers had to see that things were kept moving. Feeling sorry for yourself didn't help matters one damn bit, either, yet what could you do about it? Nothing. You could—The squawking of flanges on the rails outside put an end to his reverie.

The signal maintainer's little old gas car snorted out of the solitude and was like a humped-up primordial bug scuttling along on stubby wheels. She squealed to a stop as Leo, the maintainer, maneuvered her to a stand on the main iron just outside. Then Leo lifted his voice above the pant of the two-cycle motor.

"Eddie-e-e!"

The afternoon sun, a platinum blob in a smoldering sky, stabbed Eddie in the back as he crossed to the noisy machine to see what was up.

"Gotta change a rail," Leo yelled to make himself heard. "Be back before you go on duty. The section gang's knocking off early to go to town for supplies, and I'm going along. You'll get so you bite yourself, sticking around here alone with nothing on your mind. Come on," he invited.

Eddie let himself down gently on to the hot cushion of the narrow seat. The exhaust of the car spanked the silence as they rocked down the main line. The sluggish warm air sliding up from the canvas screen rasped the op's face

They overtook the section gang on their big motor car, which was dragging a trailer with a 32-foot rail slung between. Leo had to slow down to their deliberate pace as he came up from behind. They all paused while the gandy dancers dropped the rail and some tools at the place where the change-out was to be made. Then they chugged on to a takeoff —one of the platforms built up at intervals alongside the track, on which section foremen and maintainers while at work could park their machines.

The little party moved in a dead world of white sunlight and empty spaces. The Mexican nationals stirred visible currents as they bore down on the clawbars, pulling the spikes. They lined up on either side of the defective rail, took hold with their double tongs, and carried it away, replacing it with the new one. The men with mauls swayed with rhythmic grace as they spiked in the new rail. Then a bristling silence absorbed the echoes, and time stood still again.

Eddie helped Leo bond the rail joints, connecting up the track circuit with the block signals. After that they headed back to Gravity, while the gandy dancers delayed to gather up their tools. Leo squeezed the circuit-breaker in his left hand and widened the throttle for top speed. He was in a hurry, wanted to get an early start to town, where electric lights glowed at night.

A FREIGHT train was stretched the length of the passing track at Gravity, blocking the way to the maintainer's toolhouse where Leo would have to store his buggy. So they came up the main line.

"I told my wife to make me a list to fill at the commissary," Leo explained above the racket of the machine, "so I'll drop off here at my place to pick it up and change my pants. You run her up to the station and ask the crew of that freight to cut her in two so we can cross over and put the car away. I'll be right up to help you roll her across."

He slowed and dropped off at his gate.

Eddie had no experience in running this flimsy craft, except from casual observation while riding with Leo. He intended to open the throttle to pick up lost speed, but he moved the spark instead. Instantly the motor stopped sputtering and breathed a long, regretful sigh. Then it blew off with a ragged burst and a cloud of smoke, and died.

The crews of the waiting freight had collected at the station. Aroused by the blast, they came out to shout whimsical advice to Eddie as he tried to revive the sulky motor.

He recognized "Hi" Wheeler's penetra-

ting howl, when that ramshackle brakeman offered his best judgment on how to make an internal combustion engine behave. Hi flapped his arms and brayed in delight, while Eddie tugged and sweated at the levers. The car began to roll backward, but Eddie found the brake and set it. He looked the pigheaded thing over with an anxious eye.

To confuse the situation still more, the block signal far down beyond the west end of the passing track suddenly flung up an arm, warning that a train was approaching from around the curve. Eddie would have to remove the gas car from its path immediately.

The main line there was graded up to a height of some three feet. He'd have to dump her down the embankment. The lightening slinger ran out the long handles on either side, and lifted; but the car seemed welded to the rails. He heaved and shoved, yet the stubby wheels still clung to the iron. That fifteen pounds he'd sweated off had sure weakened him.

The hoot of an engine whistle bounced across the landscape. A passenger train trailed out of the curve and glided into the straightaway. More penetrating directives from Hi Wheeler drifted to Eddie on the hot air. The op struggled grimly, and in a burst of scared energy swung the front wheels off the rails and dragged the car around, heading it sidewise. The hind wheels hung up on the inside of the outer rail, while the train was coming at him like a swishing rocket.

Hi Wheeler detached himself from the station and ran down the main line in the face of Number 54, flagging her down. The engineer checked his rambling train sharply. Eddie ran the handles out to the rear of the gas car and renewed his struggles. The hind wheels came up over the ball of the rail with great reluctance, and then the machine skidded to the bottom of the fill.

The engineer of Number 54 had kicked a shot of air under her for a quick stop, and he drifted as he recharged the train line. His fireman gave Eddie the bad eye from the cab as they ground past in the slackening grip of brakeshoes. A brakeman stared at him with bored compassion from a vestibule window.

Number 54 picked up speed. The next instant Buck Barabe, like a prowling old wolf, scorched Eddie Sand with a malevolent look from the rear platform of his business car as it rolled by.

"Obstructing traffic!" the general manager boomed. "That's sabotage!"

Sabotage your eye! Why was Barabe skyhootin' around in his private car, adding to the burden of his already overtaxed division and using up precious motive power that should be hauling food supplies for Europe and trainloads of returning troops? Likely he'd smelled trouble, and if his nose was as acute as it used to be, he'd find it out here on the desert.

Barabe had once given Eddie a gold watch "for services above and beyond the call of duty," and he'd been mighty bland when he'd talked the op into this desert job. But he'd also bounced Eddie higher than a kite for what he termed insubordination once, when all that Eddie had done was give his frank opinion of a trainmaster to his face in the heat of a controversy. Now the Old Man was acting as if he'd be tickled to pull the pin on him again.

Ho-kay, that would be an easy way out of this simmering pit if he did tie the can. Except it'd sure scorch your pride.

Number 54 rolled away into the heat shimmer. Leo and the section gang arrived and dragged the gas car up the embankment. It was time for Eddie to take over second trick.

A GUSTY wind swooped down from the high pass. It reminded you that there were places on this earth where the sun didn't blister.

Fifth 615, a dead freight, as stagnant as stranded driftwood, still occupied the passing track, while more critical trains stormed by. Train and engine crews from the transfixed schedule overflowed the chairs and telegraph table in Eddie's office to hunker and sprawl upon the floor, waiting without patience till the procession subsided and the dispatcher could move them. They greeted Eddie with sour jocularity, making much of his struggles with the maintainer's gas motor.

"You kinda goosed her in the wrong spot," Hi Wheeler observed. "Them spidery carts are quibbly and you gotta control 'em with a firm but gentle hand."

Hi was hind brakeman on Fifth 615. He was an old comrade of Eddie's, his playmate in numberless lighthearted escapades on a score of railroads in their careless boomer days. After Eddie's return to service during the war emergency, Hi had followed, coming to this division to be near his friend.

Fifth 615 had dragged in and out of half the blind sidings, giving way to the hotshots. Now the dispatcher held them here interminably at an open train-order station, where he could lay hands on her when a rift in the priority traffic occurred. The crews watched the military cavalcade trample by with dark resentment.

Hi leered at Eddie. "This guy," he told the others, "used to be a sure-enough railroader. If he's as good as he was, and only half as effective as he thinks he is, he will get us out of this hell hole without further delay."

Aside from his growing distaste for this desert job, Eddie's day had been blighted by that gas car. He gave his old pal a look intended for a worm.

"I don't enjoy tramps lousing up my office," he said. "I'll move you out of here just as soon as the good Lord and the dispatcher will let me."

Hi sat on the floor in line with the other four brakemen, his back to the wall, his lanky knees tucked up under his chin. The brakeman bored into Eddie with a dead-pan scrutiny. They looked like puppets maneuvered on a string. It was too much for Eddie.

"There ought to be a rule in the book," he said, "disallowing trainmen to trespass in train-order stations, or even associate with the better class of personnel."

He put on the headphone. It was quickly evident from the remarks of operators all across the district that the first-trick man at Gravity had given a blow by blow description on the dispatcher's wire of Eddie's battle with the maintainer's car. Two or three of the first-trick men still held the wire, retelling it to the second trick with colorful amplifications. In the quiet, after they had given their weather reports to the DS, the second-trick lady op at Planet chipped in with her acid-sweet, cultured voice.

"It must be lovely riding about on the maintainer's nice little machine," she purred into her transmitter, "but one should avoid slowing up important trains while on a pleasure trip. The brass collars are concerned about delaying traffic."

Eddie considered several replies, none of them fitting for a lady on the dispatcher's wire with most of the operators across the district listening in. If Buck Barabe was looking for trouble, he'd come to the right place. That gal at Planet could jaw his head off.

THE CREWS of Fifth 615 waited in moody, resentful silence. These men had taken a beating for endless months, and now a slight lull in the traffic had come—just enough to catch a quick breath for the first time since the initial tidal wave had struck. In the brief pause everybody had let down. All hands had an instant to remember the harsh details of irregular and inconsistent meals, the endless strain of battling it out from one end of the division to the other and back again at all hours. You

never got enough rest. When your sleep was only beginning to do you some good, the crew dispatcher aroused you to go out again.

Some had reeled under the strain and desert heat. Some had gone down. But the others hung on and kept the schedules blasting.

Now that the worst was over, the brass collars had begun to make tests again, trying to catch violators of the operating rules. They'd made the train-order operators hand up clearances with the wrong date on them, assessing brownies to crews who didn't catch the error. They'd throw a yellow board at a curve where the engineer couldn't see the block signal next ahead. If the hogger edged his engine beyond the yellow for a look at the following signal, he was in the soup.

Some set out a single torpedo to see if the hogger stopped promptly and the flagman fell off the rear end at a run. They sought to restore a grim discipline after it had been disorganized by the sudden glut of traffic. The men resented this official harshness.

Hi Wheeler had been promoted to extra conductor. He was skippering a freight train, and he'd left most of it on the main line while he cut off six cars of livestock and shoved them onto a siding to spot at the pens to unload. He was short a brakeman. To unload quickly he needed his hind man to help persuade the steers out of the cars.

Hi had it from the dispatcher that there'd be nothing along from his rear for an hour, and he'd arranged with the foreman of the gandy dancers working at this point to protect the rear end of his train in his absence. It was all in the interest of keeping the traffic moving without delay, and was a perfectly safe operation.

But it disobeyed the rules. When a roving trainmaster caught him at it, Hi was in trouble. If he said the foreman was protecting for him, the foreman would be in a jam. So Hi could offer no excuse.

There had been a hearing on that breach of regulations, conducted by a tough assistant superintendent, and it had taken all the brilliant guile of the ramshackle railbender to talk himself out of that one. The super may have guessed that Hi had train protection he couldn't name. He'd never caused a serious accident in all his time on the high iron. And the limber-jointed oaf could run a train.

But they'd demoted him—handed him back his brake club. Eddie had to talk fast to keep Hi from picking up his marbles and going home. That guy still squirmed with defiance.

Suspense was growing by the hour, all along the line. The men were full of plain cussedness, spoiling for any sort of trouble that would relieve the deadly monotony of heading in and dragging out of sidings, and waiting. They were tired, harassed, and in a scowling temper. All of them, that is, except "Bricks" McLenon.

BRICKS was engineer of Fifth 615. He sat on the end of the telegraph table, dangling his dumpy legs and smoking weedy cigars from a supply that bulged in his blue shirt pocket. His round, open face was as serene as a limpid pool, and about as expressionless. Bricks was a runner when he had rights; but he could wait out the hours of delay without fretting. But once in the cab, with the proper rights, he could make the time—and a little more.

His tranquil mien exasperated Hi Wheeler, who scanned Bricks in brooding speculation.

"Mr. Hogger," the brakie said with fake courtesy, "when you pulled away from that last siding, and you *snatched* out the slack from your train—when it got down to the caboose, it nearly tore us all apart. That crummy leaped nine feet off the rails."

Bricks nodded cheerfully and blew a dense screen of smoke.

"You know what?" Hi demanded. "The impact knocked me down, and the skipper's chair climbed astraddle of my neck, and kicked me with all four feet clean the length of the crummy." He untangled his legs and exhibited a pair of skinned shins. "And I could show you a lot more injuries if you'd care to see 'em," he offered.

Bricks shook his head. "It was your fault there was any slack left in the train."

"My fault?" Hi challenged.

"Yeah," Bricks nodded blissfully. "I was careful to get all the slack coming out of the hole, because I thought mebby we was headed for the barn and I wanted to get there fast when you turned me loose."

Bricks mangled a fresh cigar and clouded the office with noxious fumes.

"I had her all tightened up, too," he said, "but you was so blamed slow closing the switch and giving me the highball, that them last dozen cars must'a bunched again. When I got your go-ahead, thinking she was all snugged up—" Bricks' hand reached out as he gestured widening the throttle, "I started to leave town. She was tight all the way down till I felt the hind end bounce."

"Bounce!" Hi jeered. "Mister, that crummy *looped*."

Conductor Conway was stretched out full length on the floor. His mistreated stomach was in violent revolt against eating too little out on the road where meals were rarely available at the right time, and eating too much when he got home dog-tired, and then tumbling right into bed.

Hi Wheeler decided he was hungry. Fifth 615 was eight hours out of terminal and their last meal. Maybe it was lack of food that made him feel like cutting his best friend's throat. He brought up the subject of eating.

"They got grub of sorts over there in that little old store across the tracks," he pointed out, "and I'm holler clean down to my heels."

Conductor Conway, with his hand on his ailing stomach, rejected the idea flatly. Bricks said he still had plenty of cigars to sustain him. But the other four brakemen voted eagerly for grub. Hi collected cash donations from them and went across the tracks, through the line of section men's houses to the red store that leaned in a disorderly heap hard upon the old desert trail.

In short order, he returned with cheese and crackers, raw onions, dill pickles, and canned soup. The five munched and drank unheated soup gustily from the cans and washed it all down with ice water from the cooler.

The dispatcher rasped his telephone bell. Eddie pulled on the headphone and answered, "Gravity!"

"Copy four for Number 22," the DS ordered curtly.

WALLACE STERLING sat at the trainsheet on second trick that night. Old "Walley," Eddie's partner from their very beginning as kid telegraphers along the Missouri River bottoms! The op perked up at the sound of his old coadjutor's voice, but it developed that Walley, too, wasn't his usual masterful self. The slump had hit the dispatcher's office as well as out on the line.

Walley grunted the order. Eddie hammered it out on the old Remington typewriter. It was one of those endless "wait ats" clear across the desert end. It filled the entire train order form and wore you out slamming it down as Walley dictated it. After that, besides repeating it yourself when your turn came, you had to listen to every other operator repeat it to the bitter end as they droned through each word, numeral, spelled out, enumerated, and pronounced.

Eddie brooded on the times when

train orders were transmitted by Morse, which didn't require you to be hitched to the line like a mule to a post. Moving the schedules by telephone, with all the operators on the district listening in like neighbors on a party wire, was like working in a dark well full of tired, fitful voices.

It was wearisome, listening to the eternal repetitions. By the time the third operator had begun, the monotony of it clouded Eddie's mind. Only slightly conscious of what he did, he opened the book he'd been reading. Half-reading and half-listening, trusting to the DS to arouse him to repeat the order in his turn, he hung in a vague suspension. The mumble in the headphone grew faint as he became more absorbed in the shadowy world of the printed page.

Then Walley's voice cut through the two worlds Eddie was trying to inhabit at the same time—the one within the covers of the book, the other inside the headphone. Something clamored for his attention and he tried to assemble his faculties in one place. He was dead sure the op who'd been repeating the order hadn't got all the way through, so the DS couldn't be calling upon Eddie to begin his repeat. What the hell was biting Walley to cause him to interrupt and call for Gravity?

The dispatcher's harsh voice jarred the wire again. "Gravity, take it on from there!"

Eddie fumbled his way back to the battered telegraph station and the sleazy heat. "Huh?" he said dumbly.

"Begin repeating that order where October left off," Walley instructed him coldly.

Eddie caught on then. The dispatcher was pulling a test on him. That rule in the good book which says that checking the repeat of other operators is an important duty of all train-order operators was still in effect, and the DS wanted to learn if it was being obeyed.

Eddie should have been sedulously following the other ops' recital. Instead, he'd wandered off down an enchanted highway which some writer had dreamed up for him; and when Walley interrupted October, and told Eddie to take it up from that point, he couldn't even guess where to begin. The DS had caught him flat-footed.

"Just a moment ago," Eddie said plaintively, "a bug got in my eye. One of those big little woolly ones with long ears and a tail—"

"Can you begin repeating where October left off?" the DS broke him down ominously.

"No," Eddie admitted, and let it go at that.

"Okay!" Walley said. "It was a test. I'm turning you in for a failure."

Turn him in! Why, the over-stuffed baboon! Trying to spoil a good, conscientious brass pounder's sunny disposition. The big tub would discipline his own grandmother in the way of duty, Eddie thought fiercely. It was a long lane that didn't have a kink in it. He'd lay for that oversized swindler. If he ever caught him all spraddled out he'd sure slap him down.

DAYLIGHT was beginning to ebb from the vague flats. You could feel tension building up pressure.

Well, just in case they were going to scrutinize all phases of his methods of keeping 'em rollin', Eddie began a zealous check of his equipment, paraphernalia, and facilities for work. He ran over the number of train-order blanks made up into pads, convenient to the typewriter so he'd be set to jot 'em down as fast as DS sent them, in the number required. He surveyed the hoops in the rack, testing their catches to make certain they were strong enough to hold the flimsies secure against the impact when the ashcat caught the hoop.

To forestall any possible mechanical failures, he went outside to see if the oil lamp in the semaphore was burning. From the ground there was no light visible; but there was too much daylight remaining to be sure. Eddie climbed more than half way up the ladder in a quick scamper and made sure there was no glimmer in the lantern. The light was out.

As he clung there staring upward, a blast of wind rocked the slender mast. The two blades of the semaphore reeled in the windy, vacant spaces against the empty sky. His head began a slow roll. He looked down. The earth was far below and it heaved like a restless sea. His stomach began to crawl. Changing holds on the rungs with grim care, Eddie descended to the ground.

Back in the office, somewhat shaken, he pulled on the headphone and spoke into the transmitter: "Mister, the light in my order board has done gone out."

There was a short pause. Then the DS came back crisply. "It says here that operators must see that their signal lights are burning brightly from sundown to sunup."

"Where does it say that?" Eddie asked incredulously.

"Right here in the superintendent's bulletins," the DS stated, "so you scramble up that pole and fill and relight the lamp right now."

"Who—me?"

Eddie's glance slid up the slim and silvery semaphore mast. It swayed dizzily in the upper reaches of restless air. The order boards at top flapped in the wind like a winged serpent about to take off. He shuddered and began a slow singe. Walley seemed to think he owned a chunk of this railroad. Pulling tests, and then trying to make a ring-tailed, pole-climbing monkey out of an eminent brass pounder.

The company employed highly touted signal maintainers, trained to keep all such apparatus in good working order. If the ops were edged into making these minor repairs, first thing you knew they'd have to nurse all the signal equipment adjacent to the stations. Besides, that was a mighty rickety and restless spire to climb in the hurricane which was now and then raging. Eddie just didn't believe he was fitted to mount to such flimsy elevations.

"You sure it says the op has got to climb that frail pole, 'way up there where it goes in the sky—and refill and rekindle the light?"

"In so many words—yes," affirmed Walley. "Pretty soon the old sun will be down," he warned, "and you'll need that light to hol'em up or keep 'em down the main iron."

"You know something?" Eddie inquired. "I think they had a couple of other lightning slingers in mind when they promulgated that bulletin. Anyhow, they sure didn't have me in their thoughts, because lofty places make me giddy. And in this typhoon that's now blowing, that pole bends and bobbles like a buggy whip."

"You don't mean to say," Walley protested, "that you decline to do your duty?"

"Decline," Eddie said, "is not the word. I reject your whole hypothesis. Firmly." Eddie nodded to himself. "Look," he purred. "You've likely got any number of things you ought to be doing this very minute, so don't let me detain you."

Eddie grinned maliciously. Walley had walked right into it.

"All you've got to do is authorize me to notify the signal maintainer to illuminate the board," said the op in a dulcet tone. "Then you can forget the whole thing. We've got about twenty minutes till it comes on dark. After which, if my board isn't lighted, I won't be worth a damn to you."

Eddie's phones gave off sounds as though Walley were strangling.

"All right!" he stormed. "That'll make two reports I've got to turn in on your

behavior tonight. Go ahead and call the maintainer."

ELATION lifted Eddie's feet as he made for the door to call Leo. Set a guy down behind a trainsheet and he thought he owned the road. He'd teach that ape to pull his tests on somebody else, not on an old-timer who'd cut his teeth on'em. He'd make Walley sorry he'd ever sounded off—

As he reached the threshold, a belated recollection seared across Eddie's brain. It stopped him dead in his tracks. He halted blindly and groped to his chair by the telegraph table. Now he remembered that Leo had gone to town with the section gang, and wouldn't be back till all hours of the morning.

Hi Wheeler's ramshackle figure, spread over a considerable space of the floor, caught Eddie's eye. His mind crystalized.

"Say, Hi, remember that night," Eddie mused aloud, and he seemed to drift dreamily into a pleasant fantasy, "down there at Cajon Pass when you were switching out Barabe's business car, around two a.m.? You were spotting it over on the depot siding so the switcher could paste it onto the hind end of Number 3 when she came along.?"

"Yeah," Hi said, "what about it?"

"You coupled the engine on easy," Eddie recalled, "so you wouldn't awaken the Old Man, who was aboard. You gave the hogger the take-it-away, and climbed up on the head-end steps of the private car as you moved off across the yard. Then just for the hell of it, you tried the door. That was the kitchen end of the car," Eddie went on, "and a switchman is always hungry at two a.m."

Hi's eyes gleamed as exultant memories spanned time and space.

"Destiny," Eddie pondered, "guided your hand to that door latch, just to test the lock, like a good policeman on night patrol making sure everything was safe. There wasn't a fraudulent motive in your whole system when you took hold of the knob, but there sure was when you found the door would open. Barabe was sawing it off in his berth, and you just stepped inside the kitchen to see what the interior of a brass collar's business car looked like."

Hi nodded with slow delight.

"The first thing you noticed was a cold roast chicken in the pantry. Right after that a bottle of the Old Man's best whisky in a locker."

The brakeman licked his lips.

"Soon after that," Eddie recollected, "you were headed out the door, with the chicken wrapped in a napkin and the bottle tucked under your arm. And then the Old Man, always keenly alert to larceny by his hired hands, aroused himself and began to investigate the sound of the plate you dropped."

Hi's countenance split wide open in a grin, but he said nothing.

"Remember, how I headed you through the dark side door of the depot and hid the loot in the baggage room? Then I let you out the back door of the warehouse so you could climb aboard your switch engine, putting you safe when, five minutes later, Barabe turned his flock of special agents out to hunt the culprit."

"Doggone, Eddie!" Hi murmured, "that roast hen just melted in the mouth. And the squirrel juice! It made you float around the Cajon yard all warm and happy and peaceful. Everybody was your lovin' friend."

"You know what?" Eddie said. "If it hadn't been for me, quick thinking and prepared to protect a pal, there'd have been no chicken and no grog. Instead, they'd have socked you in the jailhouse and tossed the key away. The Old Man was sure bent upon retribution that night."

Hi's pensive eye wandered back. "You sure saved me that night."

"But the fact is," Eddie cracked down suddenly, "you still owe me something. And it isn't much I'm asking in return," he explained. "You don't mind the altitudes. Anyhow if you got bucked off that semaphore mast, you'd merely bounce a couple of times, then subside all in one piece. Me, I'm brittle. I'd break up."

He studied Hi's bewildered look. "So," he bored in, "suppose you climb the order board mast and fetch down the lantern. I'll fill it and light it, and then you can replace it so we can control the movement of trains properly at this station."

HI WHEELER came to with a sudden jerk. "Hell, Eddie!" he pleaded. "I split the loot with you, remember? You et half the hen and—well, you had all the stingo you wanted."

"That," returned the op, "is beside the point."

Hi stared about with a daunted look. His four colleagues along the wall studied him critically.

"He'd never fit his big feet into that ladder," one man decided. "He'd likely get caught up there at the top of the mast, and we'd have to send for the big hook to get him down safely."

"See what your chums think of you," Eddie remarked with scorn.

Hi stood up and glanced at the silver pole standing rigid against the sky. A squall caught the outflung signal arms at the tip. They flapped wildly, as the mast thrashed the air.

The brakeman strode out to the foot of the mast, fumbled for the narrow iron ladder, and felt his way up the insecure pole. At the top he took the lantern from its fastenings and gingerly backed down. He watched Eddie fill and light the lantern. Then he made another round trip.

At that moment a perishable freight rocked east, hurrying to keep her place in the parade of passengers. If she were overtaken she'd be driven into a siding to wait them out. The hogger had her wound up.

Eddie got an order up to the head end as it whiffed past, but as the hind brakeman swung out from the caboose to snare the skipper's copy, a gust of wind shook the hoop and the stinger booted it. Eddie watched for the conductor to pull his engineer down and back him up for the missed order. But the con apparently trusted his hogger to read and follow orders. The hotshot blasted on into the silence.

"The hind end missed the order," Eddie reported, when he OS'd her by, "but he didn't come back for 'em."

"You're not doing a bit good tonight," Walley croaked. "Might as well close that station." He modified his rebuke. "Just so the head end got 'em, it'll be all right. Likely the big O can't read anyway."

A "big O" was a member of the ORT (Order of Railway Conductors).

First One floated at the top of the grade in the dark and came rolling down the incline, the wind sweeping her racket behind her in trailing thunder. Her emerald signal lights peered through the glare of her headlight, fair notice of another section of her train to follow. She burst on the station in a quick explosion, and was gone.

Traffic came to a boil. The DS set Eddie to copying orders in rapid succession. He was in the middle of an order when Second One sprang the westbound block. Eddie checked the time while he continued to hammer the typewriter lustily, his back to the approaching train. With the wind in her teeth, he'd not be able to hear her. It took a passenger train at regular schedule three and a half minutes to reach the depot from the time it threw the block, and he reckoned from his watch when she would be close enough to give her the board.

Walley hesitated, trying to decide where to meet converging trains. Eddie kept his watch in the corner of his eye, and at the estimated time after Second One had tripped the warning signal, he twisted in his chair for a quick glance over his shoulder. She was close at hand. That hogger had turned her loose down the grade, making up time. The headlight was right at the station door.

Eddie tramped on the pedal and blurted into the transmitter: "Break, till I clear Second One."

He flung off the headphone, got the

semaphore lever in a quick snatch, and pulled the board scant seconds before the headlong engine erupted in a savage roar past the station. The engineer gave him an angry snort of the whistle, a reprimand for being tardy.

A green streak caught in the edge of his eye as the monster roared by, a signal light indicating that a third section was somewhere behind. Eddie cut in on the wire.

"OS, Gravity," he chanted gaily, "Second One, with green signals, by at 7:08 p.m."

"Green signals?" Walley repeated.

"Yeah, wearin' the Irish."

"That wind blowing there must have increased its velocity."

"It ain't moderated a speck," Eddie edged off carefully, waiting for the payoff.

"The wind must have blown a green signal light over to you from some switch stand," Walley mocked. "Second One wasn't carrying classification lights. There ain't no third section of her."

EDDIE reflected carefully. A green streak had sure flicked him in the eye as Second One's engine bolted past. He'd been back in the game long enough to have revived the old habit of keeping his head in tight spots, being alert to every flashing item when a lot of them occurred at once. Going back over the abrupt passing of Second One, he couldn't change his belief that she'd carried signals. But Walley was all set to bat his ears down if he persisted.

Eddie recalled the injunction in the railroad man's mythical textbook on procedure—which decreed that when arguing with the dispatcher, always be sure you are right...and then let him have his way. If he was wrong, it might catch up with him later. Meanwhile, you were handicapped in an altercation with him. He could throw the book at you and you'd have to stand still for it.

Eddie eased away again, knowing that imminent time would make a liar out of one of them.

"Seemed to be carrying the Irish when she went by me," he remarked, and let it lay.

"Might just as well close up that station," the DS repeated. Then, after a long pause, he broke out again.

"Gravity! Number 370 would have come out of Mercury when Second One got by him. 370's been on your signal for one minute and forty-five seconds. Her headlight is now staring you in the face, should you chance to glance out your west window. How come you don't report these movements to your dispatcher? I can't run a railroad without prompt information from the operators."

Walley was on the prod tonight. Eddie's eye swiveled to the darkened window. No headlight, and no red block light specked the vast gloom. He eyed the transmitter, and a thought struck him. He turned it over quickly. There was a shade too much deference in his tone as he kicked open the circuit and murmured obligingly:

"No, sir, there isn't any headlight in my face. And my block is clear."

"Sacred cow!" Walley grumbled. Then he caught the slyly obsequious tone and he became cautious. "This railroad seems about to have a complete breakdown. What do you suppose is hanging that 370 up?"

Eddie considered the possibilities. He knew from reports heard on the Morse wire that there had been three sections of Number One into Yarbo; but the third section had been cut off there. So Second One did have green signals into Yarbo. There was an outside chance that the head end had failed to remove them when they got running orders from that point.

If she did still carry the green, no opposing train would move against this non-existent third section without authority. And if the dispatch hadn't arranged this protection, the road would be standing still in no time. Number 370, in the hole down there at Mercury, would remain there until Third One passed, or she was released by train order.

"Has that 370 got anything on Third One?" Eddie asked blandly.

Walley blew his top.

"I told you there's no Third One!" he stormed. "They cut her off at Yarbo. You had you an hallucination about the second section carrying green. Mebby you've been too long out there on the desert. It sometimes makes you see double."

"Ho-kay!" Eddie subsided. "I'm just trying to make myself useful. Excuse me. Only, if I was you I'd caution the op at Abila to make sure to see that Second One hasn't forgot and left on her signals."

The Abila operator, who had been delighting himself with these rejoinders, cut in.

"I got you," he chirped. "Second One's on my block now. I'll mark her signals very special."

Eddie smoldered. It'd got so that even your best friends would knife you in the back. He'd sure been dumb to let Walley snare him with a test. Now, if the big ape caught him falsifying signals, he'd have to eat more crow.

The strain of waiting for Abila to report the facts intensified, as Eddie studied the circling minute-hand of his watch. He'd been moving fast when the green speck hit his eye; it might have been the reflection from a switch light. His assurance began to weaken. Then the Abila op cut in and warbled glibly:

"Second One by at 7:39 p.m., wearing green signals."

WALLEY'S voice went up in startled exasperation: "Green signals! What in hell has he got them on for?"

The dispatcher anxiously flipped the pages of his book and checked the running order he'd let her out of Yarbo with. It was clear enough. "Eng. 4240 run as Second 1 Yarbo to—" Not a word about displaying signals for a following section. The head end had merely neglected to take them down.

Walley belled Tango furiously.

"Stop that Second One right there without fail," he instructed the Tango op. "And tell the hogger to read his running order again, then take down his classification lights. After which, he's to make a report, complete in detail, stating why he had 'em up at all. Don't let him proceed till he gets 'em down."

The dispatcher groaned heavily.

"What a night!" he said. "That guy will have my line all tied up, foolin' everybody by showing he's got a section behind him ...Hello, Gravity," he picked up briskly. "Number 370 is sure stuck at Mercury waitin' for Third One that ain't even on the line. What are we going to do about that?"

"*We?*...Why, you great—"

"I know—I know. But 370 is a troop train and we can't let her sit there forever."

"Well, now," Eddie considered, "in that tone of voice, I might think of something."

Army bulldozers had smoothed out the old desert roads and trails during training maneuvers, and it was but a few minutes' drive by automobile to the next blind siding.

"Give me an order that'll get her out of there," Eddie offered, "and I'll drive it down to him. But just remember, I'm doing it for Uncle Sam and for no other person whatever."

"Very patriotic of you," Walley sighed, and issued the order.

Eddie made a quick run to Mercury in his car, and was back at his station by

"Eddie Sand" in Real Life Was Bedwell Himself

At Chatsworth, Calif., 20 years ago: Harry Bedwell, SP brass pounder, copies train order. (Below) Three *Railroad* writers, all now deceased: Bill Knapke, author of popular book, *The Railroad Caboose;* Bedwell, and Harley L. Kelso

the time 370 came out and roared by, her enraged hogger tearing a livid hole in the darkness.

While all this activity had been going on, Fifth 615's skipper became more and more restless. Suddenly he decided he'd stand for no more.

"Ask that damned delayer when he's going to move us out of here," Conway instructed Eddie crossly.

"He says," Eddie relayed the DS's decision, "that just as soon as he can seize enough road for you to occupy, he'll get you going."

The skipper got up. "I'm going to the crummy." he muttered, and vanished in the darkness. Bricks McLenon followed him out, wandering over to check his engine.

The Yarbo yard bulged and disgorged a westbound freight train. The yardmaster practically kicked it out of his garden in the face of considerable varnish. He hoped somebody would make something of it, and came on the dispatcher's wire with a brief explanation.

"I've got to make room in this yard and no foolin'. Number 625 is standing on your main iron," he stated belligerently, as he dumped a long freight train in the dispatcher's lap. "And if she ties up your road—"

"Sacred cow!" DS yelled back. "What am *I* gonna do with her?"

"That," the ringmaster decided promptly, "comes under the domain of none of my headache. From here out she's your baby."

He went off the wire gruffly.

"She'll sure stab that 370 again," Walley checked his trainsheet and brooded darkly. "First 24 is on the advertised; Second 24 is forty minutes behind her. Number 4, straight up, is now fifty minutes off, and she's hot and not to be bothered. If I hang up that streak of varnish, there'll be hell popping."

He continued to ponder aloud.

"Third and Fourth 824 are holed up waiting to follow 370 into Yarbo, and now he shoves 625 right out in the face of everything. I just ain't got enough road to hold 'em."

Still, Walley could stretch the high iron to fit the traffic. He forced 625 out of Yarbo and into a blind siding in time so that she showed only a brief yellow block to barely slow 370. She met First 24 there. Then she had time enough on the second section to move up to a train-order station. After that, the hogger of Second 24 made a brilliant effort to overtake the first section of his train. This again crossed up the DS.

But 625 moved better than had been expected. She didn't use up all the time she had, getting into the clear at Tamarisk. She held enough on Second 24 to stab her thirteen minutes the way the passenger train was catching up on her schedule.

Second 24 was coming close at Gravity, when the dispatcher realized that he had put excessive restraint on her that the freight train wasn't using. He sought to take it up by annulling the order that would slow her down. So he called Gravity and Tamarisk impetuously.

"Copy a short one for Second 24 that's coming at you now, Eddie," he snapped, "and get it up without stopping her. Order No. 884 to C&E Second 24. Period. Order No. 877 is annulled."

IT WAS as easy as that to lift the restraint; but it put more stress on Eddie, getting it down at the speed which Walley talked it, repeating it and clearing her. Second 24's headlight was bright in the window as Eddie bolted for the door, trailing train-order hoops. The wind had blown the screen door ajar and the way was clear. Then, just as he reached the threshold, a gust came hurtling down from the high pass and slammed the door in his face.

The opposing momentum that the wind had given, combined with the speed Eddie had gained at the exit, caused a violent collision. The screen rasped a bit of skin from the point of his nose, while one knee struck the frame with a sharp impact. His left leg felt as if the bone had been shattered and his flesh pricked with a million needles. Tears half blinded him. Livid rage shook him with a blazing desire to commit second-degree murder.

The hogger of Second 24 had choked her down, coming up against a red board. Eddie was able to limp crab-wise to the main line in time to toss the hoop at the cab in a blind cast. The ashcat speared it like a champion. Eddie nearly missed getting the second one up to the brakeman, who unexpectedly stuck his head and his lantern from the vestibule window of the coach directly behind the baggage car. He tried to lasso the brakie around the neck, and likely did. The hoop vanished.

Eddie limped back to the station. The brakemen, crouched along the wall, stared solemnly, and snickered. The boomer tried to stoop for a chunk of ballast to heave at them, but his leg wouldn't bend. The brakemen chatted among themselves.

Eddie was surprised to note that the passenger wasn't picking up any speed after checking on the red board. In fact, she was still slowing. The hind end wasn't snapped on his electric lantern and sprinted toward the head end of Second 24. Taking a path beside a string of outfit cars in the station pocket, he avoided the conductor who marched down from the rear Pullman and made for the station in majestic wrath.

"I can see the big O coming at me," Eddie announced blandly into the transmitter, "and it's Scrap Iron Hawkins. I can tell by the way his feet smack the ballast that he's going to take the shingles off the roof. Is there something particular you want me to say when he does?"

"Yes—and no," Walley sulked. "If you told him what I think, they'd put us both in jail. But in case you've got something special in mind, personally, you can tell it to him on your own responsibility."

"That'll be just dandy."

Eddie regarded Hawkins an incorrigible, brassbound old he-wasp. Eddie had once inadvertently stopped the *Sunshine Limited* in this remote and torrid spot, when Scrap Iron was skippering that pet varnish. The conductor had pawed up the earth, and reported the incident in all the black details he could whip up in his outraged mind.

The Gravity operator craved revenge. Scrap Iron seemed to think gold braid gave him a free hand in his relations with associates and exempted him from error. He was one of those old 150 percenters. Eddie was all set to go as far down the line as the big O cared to travel.

THE LIFT of Scrap Iron's feet was menacing. He laid a firm hand upon the screen door, and as he pulled, the wind slammed it in his face. Rusty dust from the ancient screen circled in the breeze and powdered the skipper's bright blue uniform, speckling even his countenance.

The big O just stood on the threshold, glared, and opened his mouth to blast. A sneeze overtook him; he convulsed and choked.

The brakemen along the wall broke into raucous laughter. Then they subsided into deadpan silence, staring at Scrap Iron like expectant vultures. The atmospheric pressure went up fifty pounds to the square inch.

"What in hell," yelled the conductor, "stopped us here?"

Eddie put a bright eye upon him. Scrap Iron hadn't encountered the freight brakeman on his way forward with the corrected order, and Second 24's own brakeman, who had the original flimsy, was up there fifteen coaches ahead. The conductor didn't know why he'd been

more than six car-lengths beyond the station when she stopped. Angrily, he bet himself a quarter that in his haste he'd bulled the order, and that the hogger was returning it to him for correction. Yet a quick examination of the order showed no error.

"I got it up just in the nick of time," he told Walley, "but she stopped anyhow."

"Yeah!" Walley bounced back. "You've done everything but blunder an order, so I guess you had to pick this important moment."

"Well, no," Eddie parried. "The order is exactly as you gave it to me, and my clearance is correct."

"Then why'n hell did he pause," roared Walley, "when I was trying to keep him going at top speed?"

"That I wouldn't know till the brains of the varnish gets back to me. He'll likely have the answer at the tip of his tongue. Meantime, I just wondered—do you suppose that in the haste and confusion you annulled the wrong order?"

"The wrong order? Why, darn your blistered, belittling—"

He broke off and the silence on the wire tightened. There was tragedy in his voice when he raised it again.

"My Gawd! I annulled 877 instead of 876. Copy it over and make it 876 that's annulled. Then get it up to the head end damn quick."

One of the brakemen hunkered along the wall stood up. He snatched a corrected copy as it came from the typewriter, stopped.

"Your board is red!" Scrap Iron pointed out bitterly.

Eddie looked blank, turned to the brakemen, and elevated his shoulders.

"He says the board is red."

The wooden faces along the wall stared incredulously at Scrap Iron.

"Red!" Hi Wheeler vouchsafed.

The big O was almost howling. "Will you tell me why we were stopped here?" he demanded again.

Eddie had kept an eye on the brakeman going forward with the corrected order. He saw his lantern pause and swing up the ladder of Second 24's engine. Then he turned to Scrap Iron.

"I handed your brakeman an order as he went by," he offered hopefully.

"I can't find my brakeman," grieved the conductor.

"Goes around losing things terribly easy," Hi muttered. "Next thing, he'll mislay his train."

Second 24 whistled off. The hogger was leaving town. Scrap Iron wheeled in the doorway as his train began to move, throwing a bitter glance over his shoulder. Then he ran. Pulling his cap down tight, he tucked in his elbows and made prodigious strides after the retreating rear-end of Second 24. His tiny electric lantern cut fantastic patterns in the dark.

It seemed for tight seconds he'd never make it. Then in a desperate burst he surged up under the tail lights and grasped the grabiron. Evidently he had enough breath remaining to drag himself aboard.

"This just ain't one of my days," Hi Wheeler muttered unhappily. "I was sure pullin' for old Scrap Iron—to get left."

CONDUCTOR CONWAY'S pallid face hung in the doorway and he said: "Tell that delayer we'll be dead on the law if he keeps us out much longer."

The dispatcher was in another hole. tossed along the canyon walls. Smells which the winds had gathered from a thousand miles of prairie slid across his face and urged him to take to the careless road again.

Why not? He could do a job in Wyoming or Manitoba. He was as free as the prairie wind he'd just tasted. Wayward fancies reached out over the web of steel. Then suddenly the dispatcher's bell rasped in a quick convulsion. Eddie blinked the wistful pictures from his eyes. An uneasy feeling set in.

He glanced at his watch. He'd worked only half his trick. Yet it seemed as if he'd gone through a month's trials in one evening. If these continued to multiply there'd be trouble between now and midnight. Events happen fast when you're handling heavy traffic.

The heat which had collected in the office all day was like a blanket, but he felt a slight chill breath on the back of his neck. The sullen red markers of Fifth 615 melted stealthily into the velvet curtain.

Out here on the desert the monotony was the worst. Crews lived with the job day and night. They came off the run, maybe out sixteen hours, and collapsed into bed. Next day, they awoke to immediate duty. The crew caller dragged them out of a restless cavern of fitful sleep and fitted them into the rolling machine again. There were no diversions, nothing to give them a lift.

He'd either have to get Fifth 615 into the terminal before their sixteen hours were up, or else "patch" the crews—send fresh men to relieve them out on the line. There weren't crews available for the patch, so Walley would have to move her.

Eddie slapped down the orders as the DS issued them rapidly.

"Get yourselves together," he called. "The DS is going to give you some railroad to operate on."

Then the conductor and engineer checked the flimsies Eddie thrust to them. They reckoned their next moves, how far they could go on the orders before taking siding again for superior trains. The crews went out, their lanterns making bright sparks in the vast dark. Fifth 615 moved through the passing track and rolled away across the starlit void, her tail lights sullen red splotches.

Eddie's thoughts drifted back through the boomer years. In those times, if a job didn't quite fit, or it became the least irksome, you pulled the pin and drifted on to the Pennsy or the "Q" or the Rio Grande. It was a vast country with a lot of things to see.

Thunder of big engines echoed across the bright years. Pictures flickered against the satin dark; he caught the jagged skyline that cities show, laced with locomotive smoke.

For a glittering moment he saw the breathless swoop of the Rockies against blue sky and heard the snarl of the stack

Eddie shook his head quizzically. His thoughts were becoming all snarled up with human behavior. Broody, like an old hen. Maybe Walley had been right when he'd said Eddie'd been too long on the desert. ***(Concluded next month)***

BOOKS of the RAILS

BALDWIN LOCOMOTIVE WORKS CATALOGUE OF LOCOMOTIVES (1915 reprint), 128 pages, 9x6", hard and soft cover, photos, specifications, drawings, index; Specialty Press, Inc., P.O. Box 2187, Ocean, N.J., 07712; hard cover, $7.50; soft cover, $5.

This quality reprint is a technical masterpiece for the dedicated railfan who would rather spend long, happy hours with the dimensions of a Charlotte Harbor & Northern eight-wheeler or an Erie triple articulated compound, than with some of the wasteland on the TV set. It's all here, from 4-coupled tanks and Forneys to 2-8-8-8-2's.

DEPOT DAYS, by H.A. (Al) Stimson, 157 pages, 8½x5½", soft cover, photos, timetables; Star Publishing Co., Inc., 609 N. Railroad St., Boynton Beach, Fla. 33435; $2.95.

Al Stimson takes us back to long-ago days when the depot was probably the most exciting and most important place in town. The 157 pages are filled with incidents and events that read like a copy of *Railroad Magazine*. They stimulate your imagination along the all-but-forgotten trail of single-track operation mingled with the old rails who spiced this era of our historical past. Included are a multitude of nostalgic pictures.

IRON ROADS: RAILWAYS OF NOVA SCOTIA, by David E. Stephens, 76 pages, 8½x5½", soft cover, photos, maps, antique advertisements, etc.; Lancelot Press, Ltd., P.O. Box 2020, Windsor, N.S., Canada.

Here is a good abbreviated version of Nova Scotia rail history; but for such a fascinating part of Canada, this area deserves a far better treatment of the part railroads and trolleys played in her past.

NEW ENGLAND COUNTRY DEPOTS, by Edward A. Lewis, 160 pages, 11x8½", soft cover, photos, tickets, maps, old passes; The Baggage Car, Box 81, Arcade, N.Y. 14009; limited hard covers, $8.95; soft covers, $4.95.

Any New Englander, or railfan anywhere, should be happy with this memory book of our yesterdays when the small town depot hummed with activity. Its pages are crammed with pictures of the rural stations during their heyday, with milk cans, luggage, kerosene lamps, express trucks, Western Union wires, and passengers dressed up like the pix we remember in the old family album of Aunt Martha and Grandpa Jones. Unfortunately, the proofreading is careless. Sons of Lord Jeffrey would cringe at "Amhurst, Mass.," and one of the new big city station pictures appearing as "Woster, Mass.," among some of the goofs.

AMERICAN-BRITISH DICTIONARY AND HELPFUL HINTS TO TRAVELERS, 188 pages, 5½x8½", soft cover, text; DeFuniak, 223 Trevethar Ave., Santa Cruz, Calif. 95060; no price listed.

As the tourist season begins, this might be a helpful dictionary for the railfan visiting America or Britain. Besides the usual treatment of areas of transportation, lodging, food, entertainment, and travel generally, there are useful tips not covered in guidebooks.

EUGENE V. DEBS SPEAKS, edited by Jean V. Tussey, 320 pages, 5¼x8¼", illustrated; Pathfinder Press, 410 W. St., New York, N.Y. 10014; hard cover, $6.95; paperback, $2.95.

Gene Debs was a high-school dropout. In 1870 he quit school at age 14 to get a job scraping paint off cars for the old

Two Old Depots on the New Haven

(Top) Turn of the century at Tarkin, R.I. Boy carries lard pail, probably holding day's lunch.

(Bottom) Boston, Clinton, Fitchburg & New Bedford ginger bread design, North Foxboro, Mass.

Vandalia Railroad at 40 cents a day. A few months afterward he went firing on the old Terre Haute & Indianapolis. Much later he organized the American Railway Union.

"My grip was always packed," he said. "I rode on the engines over mountain and plain, slept in the caboose and bunks, and was fed from their pails by swarthy stokers."

In 1894 he led the Pullman Strike, which developed into a turbulent railroad walkout that was almost nationwide. Five times he ran for President of the United States, the last time (1920) receiving nearly a million votes; and in 1926 he died. Freeman Hubbard wrote his life story, entitled "Leader of Lost Causes," for the Dec. '37 issue of *Railroad Magazine*. Because of Debs's impact on history, *Eugene V. Debs Speaks*, a collection of his writings and often-fiery speeches, is sure to have a wide circulation.

Periodicals and Records

THE LENSMEN, 8x11½", 15 pages, soft cover, issued quarterly; The Lensmen, P.O. Box 486, Brentwood, N.Y. 11717; $3.50 annual subscription; $1 sample copy.

THE BULLETIN, VOL. 37, NO. 4, NATIONAL RAILWAY HISTORICAL SOCIETY, edited by William C. Wagner, Box 2051, Philadelphia, Pa. 19103; soft cover, 30 pages, 6x9", photos, timetables, chapter activities; members $4, associate members, $4.50. This issue includes rail photo trips through various European countries via Eurailpass, nostalgic visit to the old St. Louis Union Station, and Stan Bradley's treatment of the glory days of boomer railroading.

BURLINGTON NORTHERN 1972 ANNUAL, 8x11½", photos, rosters, soft cover, edited by F. Hol Wagner, Jr., Motive Power Services, P.O. Box 17111, Denver, Colo. 80217; $5.95. A good booklet for diesel fans in general and BN devotees in particular.

PC RAILROADER, Vol. I, No. 1, 8½x11", photos, maps, timetables, booklet, Robert H. Reid, Box 179, East McKeesport, Pa. 15035; $6 per year. Volume 1 of this bi-monthly publication holds good promise for Penn Central followers.

GREEN BOARD SOUTH and LAST TRAIN TO WATERLOO, 33⅓ speed, 4-channel quadraphonic sound, Mobile Fidelity Records, 411 Winding Creek Rd., Olympic Valley, Calif. 95730; $5.98 each. *Green Board South* **features steam on the Southern Ry., including doubleheaders Nos. 722, 630, 4501, 750 and 77** *Last Train to Waterloo* **glorifies steam on the currently-inactive Reader Railroad, including a doubleheader with rear helper. Heard are Nos. 108, 1702 and 11. A new adventure in railroad sound.**

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The books are available only by mail. *Railroad Magazine Book Service*, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017. Here are a few suggestions:

	List Price	Our Price
PORTRAIT OF THE RAILS, Don Ball	$19.95	($18.75)
THE RED ARROW, by R. DeGraw	$25.00	($23.75)
400,000 MILES BY RAIL, by Blanton	$ 8.50	($ 8.05)
NARROW GAUGE RYS. OF CANADA, by Lavallee	$11.95	($11.35)
MILWAUKEE ROADS WEST, by Wood	$14.95	($14.25)
THE SEARCH FOR STEAM, by Collias	$15.00	($14.25)
ELECTRIC RAILWAY DICTIONARY, (reprint)	$19.95	($19.00)
PIKE'S PEAK COG ROAD, by Morris Abbott	$12.95	($12.35)
WORKIN' ON THE RAILROAD, Richard Reinhardt	$ 8.95	($ 8.50)
THE IRON HORSE, by Henry Comstock	$17.50	($16.70)
DEPOT DAYS, by H.A. Stimson	$ 2.95	($ 2.80)
THE RAILROAD SCENE, by Wm. Middleton	$ 8.95	($ 8.50)
THE RAILROAD CABOOSE, by Wm. F. Knapke	$ 7.95	($ 7.55)
NEW YORK CENTRAL CARS, Wayner	$ 6.95	($ 6.60)
BESSEMER & LAKE ERIE, 1869-1969, Beaver	$10.00	($ 9.50)
CAR-BUILDER'S DICTIONARY, Forney	$19.95	($19.00)
CANADIAN NAT. STEAM POWER, Clegg and Corley	$12.95	($12.30)
LAKE SUPERIOR RAILROADS, by Dorin	$10.95	($10.40)
L&N STEAM LOCOMOTIVES, by Richard Prince	$12.50	($11.90)
SOUTH SHORE INTERURBAN, by Wm. Middleton	$10.00	($ 9.50)
TO THE MOUNTAINS BY RAIL, by Wakefield	$15.00	($14.25)
PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD K-4S, H. P. Albrecht	$ 3.00	($ 2.85)
INTERURBAN INTERLUDE, by E. J. Quinby	$ 7.95	($ 7.55)
PENNSY POWER II, by Staufer and Pennypacker	$15.00	($14.25)
TRAIN WATCHER'S GUIDE TO CHICAGO	$ 3.15	($ 3.00)
HEADLIGHTS & MARKERS, by Donovan and Henry	$ 6.95	($ 6.60)
MEXICAN NARROW GAUGE, by Gerald M. Best	$ 7.50	($ 7.15)
AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVES, by John H. White	$20.00	($19.00)
THE AMERICAN STEAM LOCO, Vol. I	$14.50	($13.75)
OVER THE HILLS TO WOODSTOCK, by Mead	$ 3.50	($ 3.35)
MORRISTOWN & ERIE, by T. T. Taber III	$ 6.95	($ 6.60)
THE ULSTER & DELAWARE, by G. M. Best	$12.95	($12.35)
20TH CENTURY, by Lucius Beebe	$ 5.95	($ 5.65)
20TH CENTURY, by Lucius Beebe	$ 6.95	($ 6.60)
THE COLORADO ROAD, by F. Hol Wagner Jr.	$15.00	($14.25)
THE SHAY LOCOMOTIVE, by Michael Koch	$19.50	($18.55)
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SUPER POWER STEAM LOCOS, by R. J. Cook	$ 8.95	($ 8.50)
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RIGHT-OF-WAY (Abandoned Roads)	$ 4.95	($ 4.70)
SANTA FE'S BIG THREE	$17.95	($17.00)

Rosters of Iowa Short Lines

Compiled by Sy Reich

Road Numbers	HP	Builder	Builder's Model	Wheel Arngt	Tractive Effort	Weight	Date	Notes
Cedar Rapids & Iowa City Railway								
90	800	GM-EMD	SW8	B-B	62,000	?	1953	1
91-93	800	GM-EMD	SW8	B-B	57,500	230,000	1953	
94	900	GM-EMD	SW900	B-B	57,500	230,000	1958	
Davenport, Rock Island & North Western Railway								
1-2	660	Alco-GE	S3	B-B	59,700	198,000	1951-2	
3-4	660	Alco-GE	S3	B-B	59,700	198,000	1952	
5-7	660	Alco-GE	S3	B-B	59,700	198,000	1953	
Des Moines & Central Iowa Railway								
100	600	GE	70-ton	B-B	41,300	139,000	1947	2
600	600	GE	70-ton	B-B	41,300	139,000	1947	3
700	600	GE	70-ton	B-B	41,300	139,000	1947	3
1000	500	Whitcomb	75-DE-12c	B-B	37,500	150,000	1951	4
Des Moines Terminal (owns no locomotives)								
Des Moines Union Railway								
1-3	660	Alco-GE	S1	B-B	58,200	194,000	1940	5
4	660	Alco-GE	S1	B-B	50,400	198,000	1946	21
5	1000	GM-EMD	NW2	B-B	61,325	245,300	1940	6
6	1000	GM-EMD	NW2	B-B	61,325	245,300	1940	6
7	1000	GM-EMD	NW2	B-B	73,500	244,990	1946	6
Fort Dodge, Des Moines & Southern Railway								
401	660	GE	70-ton	B-B	41,300	137,600	1953	22
402	660	GE	70-ton	B-B	41,300	139,000	1954	22
403	660	GE	70-ton	B-B	41,300	139,000	1955	22
404-406	660	GE	70-ton	B-B	41,300	139,000	1955	22
407-408	660	GE	70-ton	B-B	41,300	139,000	1948	7,22
409	660	GE	70-ton	B-B	41,280	139,000	1950	8,22
410-411	660	GE	70-ton	B-B	41,300	137,600	1949-50	9,22
501	500	Plymouth	65-ton	B-B	32,500	130,000	1936	10
502-503	380	GE	44-ton	B-B	26,400	88,000	1941	11,22
504-505	380	GE	44-ton	B-B	26,400	88,000	1945	12
Iowa Terminal Railroad								
20	150	GE	23-ton	B	11,500	46,000	1941	13
30	?	McG-Cum	electric	B-B	17,500	70,000	1915	40
45	300	GE	43-ton	B-B	21,500	86,000	1939	23
50 (1st)	?	Okla. Ry.	electric	B-B	35,000	140,000	1929	24
50 (2nd)	?	BW	electric	B-B	25,000	100,000	1919	25
51	?	BW	electric	B-B	25,000	100,000	1921	26
52 (1st)	500	BW	electric	B-B	25,000	100,000	1919	27
52 (2nd)	?	BW	electric	B-B	25,000	100,000	1928	28
53 (1st)	?	BW	electric	B-B	25,000	100,000	1919	25
53 (2nd)	?	Tx. Elec.	electric	B-B	27,500	110,000	1928	29
60	?	BW	electric	B-B	30,000	120,000	1917	30
61	?	BW	electric	B-B	30,000	120,000	1917	31
62	?	BW	electric	B-B	21,000	84,000	1907	32
65	470	GE	65-ton	B-B	32,500	130,000	1952	33
70	240	BW	electric	B-B	24,000	96,000	1904	34
75	600	GE	70-ton	B-B	35,000	140,000	1947	35
76	600	GE	70-ton	B-B	35,000	140,000	1953	36
80	?	Preston	electric	B-B	40,000	160,000	1921	37
81	?	Preston	electric	B-B	40,000	160,000	1921	38
82	?	Preston	electric	B-B	40,000	160,000	1921	39
?	?	GE	electric	B-B	32,500	130,000	1948	41
Iowa Transfer Railway								
1	?	MCWH	electric	?	?	130,000	?	14
2	660	Alco-GE	S1	B-B	49,500	198,000	1950	42
Keokuk Union Depot Company (owns no locomotives)								
Sioux City Terminal Railway								
DE1-DE2	600	GE	70-ton	B-B	41,300	139,000	1951	43
DE3	600	GE	70-ton	B-B	41,300	139,000	1956	15
Southern Industrial Railroad								
9735	400	EMC	?	?	?	?	1927	16
9769	400	EMC	?	?	?	?	1927	16
Waterloo Railroad								
1-3	900	GM-EMD	SW900	B-B	56,625	226,500	1957	
4	900	GM-EMD	SW900	B-B	56,625	226,500	1958	47

Rosters were compiled from data supplied by DMT president; George R. Silcott; Precision National's Locomotive Div.; DMU gen. manager and treas.; C&NW gen. supt. of motive power; Iowa Transfer sec., treas., and gen. manager; KUD administrative assistant; SCT president; PT sec.-treas.; OL&B; and Waterloo's gen. supt.

Locomotive Builders: GM-EMD, General Motors-Electro Motive Div.; Alco-GE, American Locomotive Co.-General Electric Co.; GE, General Electric Co.; McG-Cum, McGuire-Cummings; Okla. Ry., Oklahoma Railway; BW, Baldwin-Westinghouse; Tx. Elec., Texas Electric Railway; MCWH-McGuire-Cummings-Westinghouse; EMC, Electro Motive Corp.; LH, Lima-Hamilton; Alco Pr., Alco Products.

(1) CRANDIC 90 was originally Unity 53 (CRANDIC claims 50), then CRANDIC 90 (11/65).

(2) DM&CI 100 was originally Unadilla Valley 100, then DM&CI 100, then sold to Andrew Merilles Ltd.

(3) DM&CI 600, 700 were originally Jamestown, Westfield & Northwestern 600, 700; then DM&CI 600, 700; then sold to Andrew Merilles Ltd.

(4) DM&CI 1000 was originally Canadian National 7820; then Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific 1016; then DM&CI 1000; scrapped.

(5) DMU 1-3 sold to Wabash. 1 was rebuilt, renumbered WAB 1; then sold to Precision Engineering (1964); scrapped. 2-3 were used for parts.

(6) DMU 5 was originally Wheeling & Lake Erie D-4; then New York, Chicago & St. Louis 98; then DMU 5. DMU 6 was originally W&LE D-1, then NKP 95, then WAB 347, then Norfolk & Western 3347, then DMU 6. DMU 7 was originally WAB 350, then N&W 3350, then DMU 7. These units were originally leased from WAB, then from N&W; returned to N&W.

(7) FDDM&S 407-408 were originally Tallulah Falls 501-502; then FDDM&S 407-408 (4/62, 10/61).

(8) FDDM&S 409 was originally Missouri-Kansas-Texas 1654, then FDDM&S 409 (7/62). MKT 1652 was purchased for parts at same time.

(9) FDDM&S 410-411 were originally Arkansas & Ozarks 800, 900, then FDDM&S 410-411 (12/61).

(10) FDDM&S 501 was originally Joplin-Pittsburgh 2003, then FDDM&S 501, then Sonken-Galamba (no number assigned because they didn't use it), then Kansas City Public Service freight operation 1. Donated to Museum of Transport, St. Louis.

(11) FDDM&S 502 was originally New York, Ontario & Western 102; then Mississippi Export 47; then Fernwood, Columbia & Gulf D-6; then FDDM&S 502; scrapped. FDDM&S 503 was originally NYO&W 103, then FC&G D-5, then FDDM&S 503.

(12) FDDM&S 504-505 were originally FC&G D1-D2, then FDDM&S 504-505; sold to Raymond International for use in Liberia. Raymond International claims they were resold by Whisler Equipment which WE denies.

(13) IT 20 was originally Charles City Western 200 (2nd), then IT 20.

(14) IT 1 sold to FDDM&S in 1950.

(15) SCT DE-3 sold to Peninsula Terminal Railroad, renumbered 3.

(16) SI 9735, 9769 were originally Chicago, Burlington & Quincy 9735, 9769; then SI 9735, 9769. SI 9769 scrapped. SI 9735 sold to Keweenaw Central, renumbered M35.

(17) TP&W 100-101 were originally GM-EMD demonstrators 291A1, 291B1, an F3A and an F3B; then TP&W 100, 100B. TP&W rebuilt its 100B to a cab unit, renumbered 101. TP&W 100 was traded to GM-EMD for TP&W 700 (8/2/63). TP&W 101 was traded to GM-EMD for TP&W 600 (2/9/61).

(18) TP&W 300 was originally Lima-Hamilton demonstrator 1000, then TP&W 300, then sold to Lipsett Steel (12/19/58), then resold to Nicholson Terminal & Docks, renumbered 16 (3/20/59).

(19) TP&W 301 sold to Acme Steel Co., renumbered LO-3 (10/29/58), then scrapped.

(20) TP&W 302 sold to H. Bairstow (12/4/58), then to Industrial Maintenance Service Co., then to Indian Hills & Iron Range, renumbered 302.

(21) DMU 4 sold to George R. Silcott (8/71), then to Becker Sand & Gravel and renumbered 4.

(22) FDDM&S 401-411, 503 sold to Andrew Merilles Ltd. 402, 404-406 resold to Hudson Bay Mining & Smelting, renumbered 8, 6, 9, 7 (6/69). 410 sold to Pilkington Brothers Canada Ltd. (9/70), where it received no number. 401, 411 sold to Santa Maria Valley renumbered 70C, 80.

(23) IT 45 was originally Port Everglades Belt 300, then CCW 201 (1945), then IT 45, then sold to Whisler Equipment, then resold to Mound City Terminal, renumbered 1.

(24) IT 50 (1st) was originally Oklahoma Railway 600, then Mason City & Clear Lake ?, then IT 50 (1st) (1961), then scrapped.

(25) IT 50 (2nd) was originally Washington & Old Dominion 50, then CRANDIC 58 (1948), then Kansas City-Kaw Valley 507 (1956), then IT 53 (1st) (1961), then IT 50 (2nd).

(26) IT 51 was originally Northeast Oklahoma 4 (another source says 2), then in 1940 CRANDIC 56 (another source says 57), then KC-KV 505 (1954), then IT 51 (1961).

(27) IT 52 (1st) was originally NEO 1, then in 1940 CRANDIC 57 (another source says 56), then KC-KV 506 (1954), then IT 52 (1st) (1961), then destroyed by fire (11/67).

(28) IT 52 (2nd) was originally Southern Iowa 400, then IT 52 (2nd) (5/68).

(29) IT 53 (2nd) was originally Texas Electric 801, then CCW 303 (1949), then IT Charles City Division 53, then IT 53 (2nd).

(30) IT 60 was originally Youngstown & Ohio River 3, then Union Electric 80 (1933), then MC&CL 52 (1948), then IT 2 (1961), then IT 60.

(31) IT 61 was originally Y&OR 5, then UE 82 (1933), then MC&CL 53 (1948), then IT? (1961), then IT 61, scrapped (12/70).

(32) IT 62 was originally Grand River Ry. 224, then IT 62 (1963).

(33) IT 65 was originally Hooker Electrochemical 4, then IT 65 (2/65).

(34) IT 70 was originally Galt, Preston & Hespeler 10; then GRR 222, then IT 70 (1963).

(35) IT 75 was originally Marianna & Blountstown 75, then Whisler Equipment 75, then IT 75 (11/67).

(36) IT 76 was originally Tidewater Southern 743, then sold to Preston W. Duffy, then to George R. Silcott, then to IT, renumbered 76 (1/69).

Toledo, Peoria & Western Railway

100-101	1500	GM-EMD	F3A	B-B	58,120	232,500	1947	17
102-103	1500	GM-EMD	GP7	B-B	60,100	240,800	1952	
200	1500	Alco-GE	RS-2	B-B	62,500	250,000	1948	44
201	1500	Alco-GE	RS-2	B-B	57,500	230,000	1948	44
202-203	1500	Alco-GE	RS-2	B-B	57,250	229,000	1949	44
204-205	1500	Alco-GE	RS-2	B-B	57,250	229,000	1949	45
206	1500	Alco-GE	RS-2	B-B	57,250	229,000	1949	
207	1600	Alco-GE	RS-3	B-B	57,250	229,000	1950	
300	1000	LH	yd.	B-B	59,300	237,200	1949	18
301	1000	LH	yd.	B-B	61,788	247,150	1949	19
302	1000	LH	yd.	B-B	59,778	239,100	1950	20
303-304	1500	GM-EMD	yd.	B-B	62,859	256,720	1968	
400-401	1800	Alco Pr.	RS-11	B-B	62,075	248,300	1958	
402	1800	Alco Pr.	RS-11	B-B	62,100	248,400	1959	
600	1800	GM-EMD	GP18	B-B	60,820	247,400	1961	17
700	2250	GM-EMD	GP30	B-B	59,670	247,080	1963	17
800-801	2400	Alco Pr.	DL-640A	B-B	64,375	257,500	1964	
900-902	2500	GM-EMD	GP35	B-B	62,390	260,970	1965	
1000	3000	GM-EMD	GP40	B-B	80,000	277,000	1969	46

(37) IT 80 was originally GRR 226, then IT 80 (1963).
(38) IT 81 was originally Lake Erie & Northern 337, then IT 81 (1963).
(39) IT 82 was originally GRR 228, then IT 82 (1963).
(40) IT 30 was originally CCW 300, then IT 30, then Midwest Old Settlers & Thrashers Assn. 30 (1/69); then Illinois Railroad Museum 30.
(41) IT ? was originally Kansas City Public Service 2, then Hutchinson & Northern 3 (3/59), then IT ?.
(42) IT 2 sold to Realco Equipment (1970).
(43) SCT DE1 sold to the Pittsburgh, Allegheny & McKees Rocks, renumbered 70 (1971). SCT DE2 sold to Omaha, Lincoln & Beatrice, renumbered 2 (1/71).
(44) These TP&W units sold to GM-EMD: 200 (10/25/65), 201 (11/1/65), 203 (11/19/65).
(45) TP&W 204 sold to Precision Engineering (2/24/68), scrapped.
(46) TP&W 1000 was originally GM-EMD demonstrator 21, then TP&W 1000 (1969).
(47) Waterloo 4 was originally GM-EMD demonstrator 6535, then Waterloo 4.

STEVE MAGUIRE'S

TRANSIT TOPICS

AMONG the systems especially hard hit by inflation and the auto is Shaker Heights Rapid Transit, which for years made a nice profit on its two routes into downtown Cleveland. Until now it had never asked for nor received a subsidy from the Shaker Heights City Council. Instead, it raised fares until a one-way trip into the heart of the big city cost 60 cents.

But now the honeymoon is over, reports McKinley Crowley of Canton, Ohio. A dire warning comes from Paul K. Jones, Mayor of Shaker Heights. Unless the line is partially subsidized, he points out, it can't last more than a year. It'll fold up. Before it could even consider converting to buses, he says, a consulting firm would have to be called in.

In 1947 there were 7,352,000 riders; in 1952, 6,545,000 riders; in 1957, 6,682,000; in 1962, 5,777,000; in 1967, 5,274,000, and in 1972, only 3,893,000. According to Robert J. Landgraf, chief engineer for SHRT, studies show that when a system switches from trains to buses, ridership drops.

Even that showpiece, the Lindenwold rapid transit line of the Delaware River Port Authority, is slipping. In 1972 it lost $4.4 million and this year is expected to drop an additional quarter-million. In Chicago early this year the Transit Authority made some drastic economy moves to boost revenue and snip operating expenses. Faced with a deficit of $421 million in 1973, CTA raised its fares 5 cents to set a record of 50 cents. In addition, some services were cut, such as closing several lightly-patronized rapid transit stations, abandoning Evanston express service, and discontinuing Ravenswood elevated operation at night and on Sundays.

But the future may well see a complete turnabout in highway travel because of gasoline shortages that will push up prices sharply. So says Harry J. Ebert, 2745 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont., Canada, quoting Dr. Gordon Rostoker, a University of Alberta geo-physicist who testified at recent hearings on a proposed mass transit system in Edmonton, Alberta.

Mrs. Marion McAllister, first female to enter training to become a motorman in the 69-year history of the New York City subway, jots down notes as trainmaster Ray Maloney, Bronx, N.Y., demonstrates underground equipment which will feature importantly in carrying out her duties.

Frank Mastro, Metropolitan Transporation Transportation Authority

Said he: "If we build a large network of roads, we may well have a dodo on our hands." It seems likely that Alberta will reach the peak of its proven crude oil reserves in 1975. From there on, Dr. Rostoker predicts, "it's downhill all the way." The geo-physicist believes that the peak of world oil reserves will be reached in 1990, basing his projection on the rate of discovery coupled with rate of production. "This represents," he said, "the picture which our most able scientists have been able to come up with."

OPENING of the Washington Metropolitan Area Transit Authority's new subway system (Metro) has been postponed until December, 1974, due to strikes, storm damages, and other adverse factors. This stretch extends 4.6 miles, mainly in downtown Washington. The entire 98-mile system is still due to be completed by December, 1979.

SEVERAL HUNDRED feet of additional electrified trackage were used on the Shade Gap Electric Railway at Orbisonia-Rockhill Furnace, Pa., at the eighth annual Winter Railroad Spectacular on the Feb. 17-18 weekend. At that time Railways to Yesteryear, Inc., the operator of SGE, ran a newly acquired car, No. 249, on its maiden revenue trip, prior to the formal dedication this spring of 249 and three other cars.

No. 249 was the first double-truck car to run in Porto, the second largest city in Portugal. Built by Brill of Philadelphia, it arrived in July, 1904, was operated until 1969 in Porto, and then was retired. In 1972 it returned by ocean freighter to Philadelphia and was sent to south central Pennsylvania. There it joined a representative collection of typical electric railway pieces. No. 249 is a semi-convertible, open-platform car. It was Americanized and rejuvenated by the Porto traction men, although it had been well maintained in its 65 years on that line. Railways to Yesteryear is sponsoring a fund-raising drive to pay for its purchase and delivery. Donations may be mailed to the main office, 328 N. 28th Street, Allentown, Pa., 18104.

"ALTHOUGH retired from the New York City Transit System since 1969, I am still busy in the transit field and guess I will always be," writes George E. Horn, one of our *Interesting Railfans*, 1075 Space Park Way, Space 235, Mountain View, Calif. 94040.

"After retiring as the youngest yardmaster on the system," he goes on, "I moved to San Francisco, where I began as a new man and a cable-car conductor. Later I transferred to work on Municipal Railway streetcars. After 2½ years of operating three types of MUNI cars, I resigned last December to report to BART as a train attendant (motorman). My final trip downtown as a MUNI motorman was piloting the last PCC to operate on Market Street between Twin Peaks Tunnel entrance at Castro Street and Duboce Avenue, where the N line-cars turn off. This section had over 80 years of rail transportation: steam dummy

engines, cable cars, and electric streetcars.

"That farewell trip seemed like a repetition of the 1940's, when I operated the last trolley over some of Brooklyn's disappearing lines, including the final Vanderbilt Avenue car to cross Brooklyn Bridge and the last trolley out of the West End of Coney Island and through the Ulmer Park section of Brooklyn. This time, however, the farewell car was to make way for the new MUNI trolley subway under Market Street. The actual last car was the venerable MUNI No. 1, their first car, chartered for the occasion by the Bay Area Electric Railroad Association.

"When I operated PCC car 1040 on the Municipal Railway I may have set a record, for it was the last PCC to be built. Years ago, while working in Brooklyn, I operated the Clark-built 1000 and the 1001 PCC car, the first ones of their type. Possibly this makes me the only motorman who operated the first and last cars of a particular type over the 130 years of U.S. transit history. I wonder if I am also the first subway motorman to have worked on two different municipal systems."

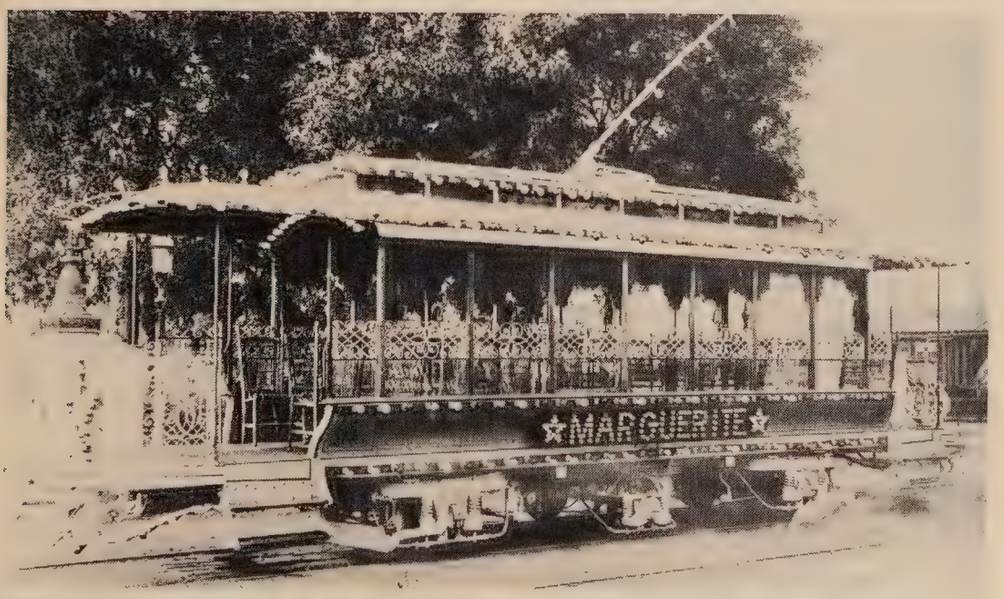
UNITED Transportation Union's News comments on this year's $8.5 billion budget of the U.S. Department of Transportation: "Note that more than 71 percent of the budget ...is for highways, while the Federal Railroad Administration gets only 9 tenths of one percent, only one tenth of 1 percent more than the Office of the Secretary of the Department." The budget breakdown reveals once more just how Uncle Sam's transportation priorities are aligned. Railroads apparently rank just a cut above the DOT typing pool!

WITH no great elation we learned of President Nixon's appointment of Claude S. Brinegar as Secretary of Transportation to succeed John Volpe. Brinegar, with no transportation background at all, is quoted as saying that, as for transportation problems, he knows of them in a personal way as a daily commuter on crowded Los Angeles freeways! The *Cleveland Press* states: "The Highway Action Coalition, a consumer-environmentalist group, declared it was outraged by the nomination of Brinegar, an oil company executive. The coalition of 199 environmental groups said that Union Oil Co., of which he is a senior vice president, was a major contributor in the campaign to defeat a 1970 California referendum that would have allotted state gasoline tax revenue for public transit. At hearings, Brinegar evaded Senators' questions. He would not explain why he was proposing $5.35 billion for highways in the coming fiscal year when the budget called for only $4.4 billion.

York Railway trolleys meeting in Square at York, Pa., near Paul Whiteman sign in long-ago 1939.
Photograph by Stephen D. Maguire

MICHAEL CAFFERTY, chairman of the Chicago Transit Authority and one of the nation's best known public transportation figures, died January 17th at age 48. From 1969 to 1971, while in the U.S. Department of Transportation, he helped to set up the new office of Assistant Secretary for Environment and Urban Systems. He was Acting Assistant Secretary of Transportation at the time he left the Department to join the CTA board. It was ironic that his passing should coincide with a fare increase and a reduction of CTA service, for he was emphatically on record in behalf of reduced fares and eventually free fares for Chicagoans. As a tribute to Mr. Cafferty, all CTA rapid transit trains and buses halted for one minute at 2 p.m. on the day of the funeral.

Shortly before his death, he sounded the signal to send one of the most effective noise control devices in rapid transit operation out to do its job. CTA's rail-smoother made its debut by bursting through a barrier 14 feet high before more than 100 invited guests. The ceremony took place at CTA's rapid transit shops in Skokie, Illinois. Then the rail-smoother was run over five miles of track.



Milwaukee Electric Railway & Light Co. charter party car Marguerite, possibly taken in Lake Park.
Collection of William F. Nedden

RUSH-HOUR schedules on the Philadelphia-South Jersey commuter line call for 19 trains running over the Delaware River Port Authority system in three separate loops. How does the chief dispatcher keep his trains and loops straight? How does he make sure the track switches are positioned correctly so that each train is properly routed to complete its assigned loop?

The answer is, he doesn't. The trains automatically pick their own routes. Each is equipped with an "Identra" train-identification system which the Union Switch & Signal Division of Westinghouse Air Brake Co. produces. Without human guidance, this device classifies trains so that wayside equipment can open or close the switches ahead in accord with assigned routes.

As the train nears the turnarounds in Camden or Haddonfield, N.J., a small equipment package is mounted trackside. This includes a pair of coils in-

To save time, send all *Transit Topics* letters directly to Stephen D. Maguire, P.O. Box 51, Belmar, N.J. 07719.

stalled between the rails, an amplifier, a power supply, and a group of frequency selective circuits. Each commuter train carries an identity selector control box with a switch which chooses the proper route or service loop. Placed under the lead truck of the train is an encapsulated wire loop or coil connected to the control box by a cable.

When a train coil passes over a pair of wayside coils, the wayside equipment is oscillated at a frequency dependent on the route selection made on the train coil at point of origin. This oscillation is amplified and identified and is used to emit a command to the switches in advance of the train. Thus the Identra system, not the chief dispatcher, keeps the trains and loops straight.

TROLLEYVILLE U.S.A., the Columbia Park and Southwestern, will operate May 27th through Sept. 30th, 1 to 6 p.m., but only on Sundays and holidays. Its equipment includes ex-Veracruz open cars; also cars from the Chicago, Aurora & Elgin; Shaker Heights; Southern Iowa Railway; Aurora, Elgin & Fox River; a Swiss tram, and a double-decker tram from Blackpool, England, 28 in all. Trolleyville is easily accessible from Ohio Turnpike exits 9 and 10. Contact the president, Gerald Brookins, 7100-B Columbia Rd. Olmstead Falls, Ohio 44138.

BART OFFICIALS say that by September they will have safety programs solved on the $1.4 billion computerized train system and will then begin to run 80-mph cars under San Francisco Bay. The assurances came after an engineering study on the safety of the San Francisco Bay Area Rapid Transit system (BART) was released by a legislative committee.

The panel said BART's present train-control system is not safe enough to be put on fully automatic operation. But the panel of three nationally prominent engineers added that it probably could be made safe without delaying opening of the system. Along the 30 miles now in service, trains are under manual control.

The main problem, the report said, is the detection of "dead" trains stopped or stalled on the tracks. Dead cars are cars which are not drawing power from the electrically charged third rail. If they do not draw power, they do not show up on automatic control panels and do not trigger safety devices intended to prevent collisions.

Passenger service between Oakland and Richmond began Jan. 29th, bringing into operation the entire north-south half of the 75-mile X-shaped system. This extended the BART operation to 39 miles and 18 stations.

BOSTON'S subway fire that killed one person and hospitalized many others caused the Massachusetts Bay Transportation Authority to pull 47 of its 10-year-old cars out of service temporarily to install insulated blocks on their under sides. According to Joseph Kelly, MBTA general manager, officials had known two months before the tragedy that the insulators were deteriorating and had authorized the purchase of new ones. The blaze started in the braking system beneath the first car of a four-car train as it left the boarding platform in the early evening rush hour and acrid smoke billowed through South Street station.

Senator Edward M. Kennedy (Dem., Mass) blamed the fire in part on a shortage of funds for mass transit. He told a Senate Public Works subcommittee that if more funds had been available to refurbish rail cars in Boston, the blaze might not have occurred:

"This car and other old cars would have been modernized had Federal funds requested been made available," he added.

News of Subway Lines

NEXT FEBRUARY, for the first time in its 69-year history, a major subway system may have its first female "motorman": Marion McAllister of Hollis Park Gardens, New York City. The ambitious and knowledgeable Marion began working for the NYC Transit Authority as a change-booth clerk in July, 1969, After passing a Civil Service exam, she became the Authority's first towerwoman in April, 1971. As such, she had to know about signalling, train location, schedules, and routing. She also recorded time of train arrival and informed stations ahead when trains were running late.

In April '72, along with 1,083 other applicants, she took the Civil Service promotional exam for motorman. Only 259 persons passed, including Marion, who placed 19 on the list.

"I wanted to learn more about the system," she says, "and see just what knowledge I had of the railroad."

Last February she began intensive training for the new job. Her schedule started with a week of classroom work. Then she attended a field school for four or five weeks. Next, she will move and shuttle trains in the yards, presumably spending part of that time with her husband, who is a subway yardmaster. Then she will be assigned to a yard for about nine months—the traditional breaking-in for all subway motormen—after which she must wait for a vacancy on the passenger lines.

Marion's success has prompted Carol Wagner, a shapely, 29-year-old, blonde teacher of French and Latin in New York City to apply to the Human Rights Division of New York State for help in getting a job on the Long Island Rail Road as a $51-a-day trainman or a $62-a-day engineer. Her present job pays $7,000 a year.

Carol charges that the LIRR is discriminating against her sex. At the hearing, LIRR salary administrator Edward Zeman said the railroad would hire women as trainmen and engineers if they met the height requirement, 5-feet, 7-inches. At present, no females hold these jobs. Zeman admitted, however, that nine men on the LIRR payroll as trainmen and engineers do not meet the height requirement.

UNLIKE most subways, the one in Peking, China, still boasts a 5-cent fare and adorns its station platforms with spittoons, according to John Burns in *The New York Times*, and is devoid of commercial advertising. Even so, relatively few people ride it. Apparently, the Peking subway is more of a showpiece than a public utility. Completed nearly four years ago at a cost of $205 million, it runs 15 miles from the city center to a terminus in a western suburb. Officials say that a maximum of 60,000 passengers ride the line daily, which for a city of four million people makes the volume rather low. Buses running on a parallel route are often packed to overflowing. Foreigners wishing to ride the line require special permission.

Until certain technical problems are ironed out, the line operates at about a third of its designed capacity, with four trains an hour in each direction 12 hours a day. There are 16 stations, each finished in a different color of marble—pink, black or green—quarried 2,000 miles away in Yunan Province. The four-car trains are painted cream and green, with each car accommodating a maximum of 300 people, 60 of them sitting. The ride is smooth, but noisy, and the cars are unheated in winter. Drainage is a problem. A freak downpour could shut the whole system down, stalling trains in the tunnels for hours. Otherwise, the underground travel compares favorably with most subways in the West. Work has been under way for a year on a 12-mile extension in the form of a loop across the city's north end. No one will say when this is to be ready, but round-the-clock shifts by construction men from the army's engineering corps indicate the project has a high priority.

ALTHOUGH Spain is relatively poor and has been governed by a dictatorship for more than 30 years, it has made big advances in both railroading and mass transit, writes Bruce Russell, 33 Lorraine St., Glen Ridge, N.J. 07028. Madrid and Barcelona have expanding subway

One of 12 new cars, complete tram rebuilds of old types, completed in Blackpool Corp. shops in England in 1972. It is one-man operated.
R. Ruffell, Little Sandhurst, Surrey, England.

systems that extend into the outer suburban areas. In both cities the main rail stations serve thousands of commuters daily, with multiple-unit electric cars and electrical trains. Steam is almost entirely gone. The commuter cars and trains were built in Spain, but have features and equipment supplied by American firms.

In Madrid, two previously separated rail routes have been joined by a new, double-tracked, underground tunnel. M-U trains now run from one suburban district to the other, using the 6-mile tunnel beneath the city. This project cost the Spanish government $250 million. It cut out time-consuming transfers between old North Station and the Atocha Terminal which handles service to Southern Spain. While we in the U.S. squander billions of dollars on urban freeways and while our automobiles kill more than 1,000 persons every week, the city residents of Spain enjoy fast, clean, and efficient public transport.

BACK in 1895, Franz Joseph, Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary, rode two miles on a train in Budapest and said, "I am satisfied." The ride inaugurated the European continent's first electrical subway. Franz Joseph built the subway as a showpiece for his Austro-Hungarian Empire, but had no intention of expanding it for the convenience of his subjects.

His successors weren't too interested, either, for the two-mile stretch from St. Stephan's Basilica to the zoo, made up the entire subway system for the next 75 years. Not until 1970 was a second segment opened nearly four miles from the city's eastern perimeter to the heart of town.

Late last year, Premier Jenoe Fock cut the ribbon that opened the newest piece of track, 2.5 miles leading under the Danube River, linking the eastern and western parts of the city.

Budapest's few miles of subway—by comparison London has almost 250 miles—does practically nothing to stop hordes of drivers from commuting to work in their automobiles and leaving a stench of low-octane gasoline hanging permanently over the city. But the government has plans for combating the capital's air pollution problems, including a 9.6-mile, $300 million expansion of the subway.

MANY real estate ads in Toronto dailies say, "Come out by Subway;" and one classified has a sketch of a modern Toronto subway train at the top of the listing, reports Bill Kessel, Hamburg, N.Y.

New Electric Publications

WILKES-BARRE & HAZLETON RAILWAY, by E.J. Quinby, 86 pages, 6"x9", is available in either soft ($3.95) or hard ($5.95) covers from Model Craftsman Publishing Co., P.O. Box 700, Newton, N.J. 07860. This railway was built through a mountainous and difficult area—so difficult that in earlier years when the Jersey Central and the Lehigh Valley laid out their lines between the two cities, each chose a roundabout route through river valleys that added many miles to the run.

The WB&H route was more direct and far more costly than the others. It crossed mountain ranges, mostly on 3 percent grades. Jay Quinby's book is not merely a history; it reads like a contemporary account of the railway from its inception until its end in 1929. Quinby interviewed many persons who were close to the line. His chronicle takes you back to the days of one of the first third-rail interurbans, this being the very first to have protected third-rail.

Vivid and gruesome is his account of the "cornfield meet" of two passenger cars at St. Johns, Pa., in 1928. The reader almost feels he has been an eye-witness to the disaster. Quinby also includes the story of his own recent trip over the abandoned right-of-way, which was built in such rugged country that most of it remains the same as when the cars were running; and car diagrams and a roster of equipment. We think this book will have a big sale.

The Last Mile, **subtitled** A Streetcar Named St. Charles, **has 88 pages, 9"x12", and hard-cover binding. Claitor's Publishing Division, P.O. Box 239, Baton Rogue, La. 70821, sells it at $8.95. Here is a very ornate work, excellently bound with heavy coated paper that brings out details in the many photos of New Orleans and its last streetcar line, St. Charles Avenue. Published by August Perez & Associates, architects, as a grand gesture to focus attention on the old line, it consists mainly of large-sized photos of New Orleans, the city, and the streetcars, including the bobtailed type of the 1880's. There is also a 7-page account of a ride, in words and pictures, down the 12-mile St. Charles route on New Orleans Public Service car 940. So well composed and attractive is** The Last Mile **that the first edition was sold out after only four weeks in local bookstores. A second edition is now in progress.**

Traction Handbook #1; Traction Plans Index, **44 pages, 8½"x11", with soft cover and stapled binding, may be had for $3 from National Model Railroad Assn., Inc., P.O. Box 1328, Station C, Canton, Ohio 44708. Here is an in-depth listing of electric traction car and locomotive plans that have been published in model magazines, traction books, club bulletins, etc. Also listed are plans available from selected private and commercial sources.**

HOBBY CLUB

conducted by Sy Reich

A HIGHLY PRIZED car, an old-fashioned heavyweight Pullman sleeper, the *Ste. Hyacinthe,* was coupled recently to the rear of Amtrak's *San Francisco Zephyr* at Oakland, Calif., and taken to Sacramento to be included in the Railway & Locomotive Historical Society collection at the future California State Railroad Museum in Sacramento.

"It's a classic example of luxury travel 50 years ago," enthuses Fred A. Stindt of Redwood City, Calif., chairman of the Society's Pacific Coast Chapter. He and 40 other railfans rode the car to the warehouse where it will be stored until the museum is built. Fred discovered the *Ste. Hyacinthe* during a fantrip on the Canadian National from Jasper to Prince Rupert a few years ago and learned that the road was about to scrap it. The Society bought the sleeper for scrap value, $2,500, and had it restored to its former elegance in the Bethlehem Shipyard, San Francisco, site of the old Union Iron Works, where railroad equipment was built years ago. With the help of Arthur Dubin of Chicago, a Pullman car expert, Fred got the correct "Pullman green" and gold paint for the exterior. The Pullman Co. had quit making such cars.

Frank Saarni of Berkeley had a special reason for taking the trip. He has in mind donating his 500 locomotive builders' plates and other rail artifacts to the museum. The R&LHS has 40 pieces of railroad equipment destined for the museum. Among them are Southern Pacific's *C.P. Huntington,* built in 1863, and the last steam engine bought by the SP, a cab-forward articulated loco. Also Central Pacific No. 1, *Gov. Stanford,* built in 1862; three Virginia & Truckee diamond-stackers from the 1870's, with wooden coaches; the private car, *Gold Coast,* once owned by the late Lucius Beebe, and early types of diesel locos.

Copies of 1972 special edition of North Alabama Railroad club newsletter, *White Flags and Full Steam,* are available at $1 each, with discounts for orders of 10 or more copies. Contact P.O. Box 4163, Huntsville, Ala. 35802.

The Railroad Enthusiasts are adding more divisions. Wolfeboro (N.H.) Branch Railroad Club is now the Lakes Region Division. Transplanted easterners living in San Francisco Bay area have applied to start a division there. Those pushing this splendid idea are former Chesapeake Division's Roger Puta and ex-Hartford Division chairman, Bob Shoring.

A huge national railway museum, considered to be one of the world's finest when completed, is scheduled to be opened in York, England, in 1975. Work has begun on the conversion of the locomotive shed in Leeman Road. This, plus a new building, will be handed over to the Department of Education and Science in July 1974. The Museum of British Transport in Chapham will close on April 23rd this year and York Railway Museum on December 31st in order to help collect and move the exhibits. The museum will display 24 locos to begin with.

Any information on railfan club activities in my area?—Marilyn Michela, 1726 Park Ave. W., Highland Park, Ill. 60035.

Railway Post Office enthusiasts would be interested in the full page treatment given postmarks from RPO routes in Canada in January-February '73 Mobile Post Office Society publication. Another good feature is "Street Mail Service of Washington, D.C.," showing a postmark "Wash. D.C., Pa, Ave., July 27, 1898." For more information about the Society contact Stanley D. Triplett, Box 17, Brockway, Pa. 15824.

A Burlington Northern bridge on the Veronia line just west of Portland near Banks, Ore., was the scene of the first sequences for the movie, *Emperor of the North,* starring Lee Marvin and Ernest Borgnine, soon to be released. BN spent a lot of time working with 20th Century-Fox assembling rail equipment representative of the early 1930's. Most of the equipment from BN and other sources was moved to Cottage Grove, Ore., near Eugene, for refurbishing in preparation for the film. Company employes worked with the movie company as standby crews for operating the steam loco and in supervisory work. BN GP-9 No. 1775 was used to haul the consist appearing in the film from Eugene to the Veronia bridge.

Orchids to the Michigan Railroad club for compiling, publishing, and distributing a folder with Detroit area train schedules, etc. This is a real public service. The folder shows Amtrak, CNR, GTW commuter, and the PC commuter schedules, plus oodles of data on service, reservations, fares, tours, etc. Everything but the location of the depots in Detroit, which, probably will be included in the next edition. Copies are available at many locations in Ann Arbor (and elsewhere in and around Greater Detroit), including, no less, travel agencies. So says *The Inside Track,* Ann Arbor Train & Trolley Watchers Club.

Revamped rail coaches have long served as diners around the country, but now remodelled boxcars are the rage in the restaurant field. A chain started in 1969 by three Cornell University graduates has begun building its 14th "Victoria Station" restaurant—this one in Portland, Ore.—out of boxcars set on rail roadbeds. The first such eatery was opened in San Francisco in 1969, and others are scattered around the country, outfitted with railroadiana, including rail lanterns.

Add my name to the list of railfans who are also bus enthusiasts. I know of railroads operating motor coaches and of bus lines honoring rail tickets, but offhand I don't recall any case where train conductors accept bus tickets.—Dale P. Bell, P O Box 10183, New Orleans, La. 70181.

Among my curiosities is an antique, hand-bound, locomotive book, *Theory of Steam.* Overall size 17 1/2x25 1/4" and 1/2" thick, with hard covers, gold-leafed name *Nathaniel Sprague* on the front. It includes data on steam and steam-engine design, also 13 fine engravings of cabless locos built between 1836 and 1852: broadsides, cross-sections, etc. Nathaniel Sprague was a great-grandfather of my wife, who thinks he was the master mechanic on the Concord-Claremont (N.H.) Railroad. Apparently the quaint volume helped him to maintain his road's motive power. Does anyone know of a comparable book?—Elmer Judd, 1811 Middle Rd., East Greenwich, R.I. 02818.

In 1868 a friend and I bought the late Robert P. Morris's big collection of photos and negatives from his estate. We have sold some negatives of Western, Midwestern, and Southern roads and will sell more. Our own collection specializes in the Northeast, to which we have added, among other lots, a great many photos and negatives accumulated by the late Walter A. Lucas, contributor to *Railroad Magazine* and editor of the *Locomotive Cyclopedia.* We sold many Morris items through an ad placed simultaneously in *Railroad* and *Trains,* getting over 400 answers to this ad, mostly from *Railroad* readers.—Frank T. Reilly, 1852 Myrtle Ave., Plainfield, N.J. 07063.

Info. is sought for a transportation exhibit in a new museum being developed by Van Duren County (Mich.) Historical Society. We are compiling a directory of county rail, bus, ship, and motor vehicle fans and data on old depots, car bodies, shipbuilders, airports, etc. A survey of local historical and archeological sites, now being made, may lead to restorations and the operation of a section of railroad.—Wm. Maier, P.O. Box 51, Oshtemo, Mich. 49077.

Caption under old Scoville ad in March *Railroad,* page 27, should read 1855, not 1885.

Pen Pals Wanted

(Mr.) Osei Samuel Collins. K.C.C. of C., P.O. Box 48, Obo-Kwahu (E.R.), Ghana, West Africa, wants to read U.S. and Canadian magazines, but can't get them in his own country. Has any reader an old mag. to send him?

Don Watson, 21 Park Blvd., Apt. 705, Toronto, Ont. M8W-164, Canada, wants street address of Ed Robinson, Shreveport, La., who had T&P photo in March Railroad Magazine.

Janette Prenzlin, (20), 543 Columbus Ave., Fostoria, Ohio 44830.

Lena Langston, (60); 680 15th St., Batesville, Ark. 72501.

Eric A. Porch, 251 Richland Ave., Mansfield, Ohio 44903, asks whereabouts of Benjamin McMichael, porter on Penn Central train, The General, in May '67.

Wendy Hardwig, (16); 1423 America Ave., Bemidji, Minn. 56601.

Debbie Daniels, (16), 918 Mississippi Ave., Bemidji, Minnesota 56601.

Tom Francis, 702 Railroad St., Ypsilanti, Mich. 48197, wants pen pals in his state interested in PC, GTW, C&O.

Annie Baylon (26), Ybanez Compound, Mamabaling, Cebu City, Philippines.

Brian Bland (11), you gave no address.

Cindy Aarberg (14), Rte. 6, Box 297, Bemiji, Minnesota 56601.

Mrs. Thomas Ebeart, Gilman Nursing Home, Gilman, Ill., Paralyzed in wheelchair for 30 years, needs cheer-up letters and cards.

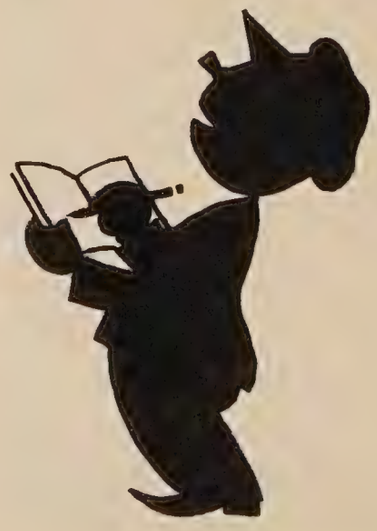
Isabella Durac (22), Macrohon, Southern Leyte, Philippines.

Annabelle Sentillas (18), University of the Visayas, Cebu City, Philippines.

Rosemary Cunningham, Rte. 2, Box 53, French Creek, W. Va., 26218, in poor health, would welcome cheer-up letters and especially scenic postcards.

Illinois Roster Corrections

Additional data for our Illinois Short Lines roster (Jan. '73) has come from Interlake Steel and the Texas, Oklahoma & Eastern Railroad. Note 41 should read: CWP&S 49-50 were originally Detroit, Toledo & Ironton 910-911, then CWP&S 49-50. CWP&S 49 was sold to George R. Silcott, then resold to Weyerhaeuser, renumbered D-10 (1969); then resold to the TO&E, renumbered D-10. DWP&S 50 was sold to Silcott, then resold to Interlake Steel, renumbered 5. —Sy Reich.



THE SWITCH LIST

All ads in this section cost 10¢ a word (minimum 25 words, no maximum wordage), including abbreviations, names, initials, numbers, cities, states, and provinces. Zip codes free. SSE means "enclose self-addressed stamped envelope." Send check or money order with each entry to Bill Balgley, advertising manager, Railroad Magazine, 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017.

SETH BRAMSON, 8035 Cecil St., Miami Beach, Fla. 33141, buys, trades for anything FEC or predecessors or anything Florida. Buys rail, trolleyana in quantity. Sells selected items; fills want lists.

CATALOG of 1,000 electric railway photos, 16¢ stamp, includes ITC, IRR, BCE, WCF&N, Potomac Edison, B&A, W&OD, CR&IC, LVT, 41 others.—Seth Steventon, Kenman, Wis. 54537.

ARNOLD BERMAN, 110 Ramona Court, New Rochelle, N.Y. 10804, wants anything from N.Y., Westchester & Boston RR, traction slides and fotos on TARS, Brooklyn, Boston, Washington, D.C.

DON MILLS, Negative Exchange, Box 623, Ontario, Canada, buys, sells, trades, locomotive, car, work eqpt., negatives, photos, books. List for 20¢ (refundable). (Ed. note: This is the only address he gave us.)

COLOR SLIDE sets featuring Milwaukee Road electrics, Canadian and pre-Amtrak passenger trains, Northwest short lines, contemporary streetcars, SP&S and Espee trains, all available from Northwest Rail Images, 4891 Donald St., Eugene, Ore. 97405. 25¢ brings a list and sample slide.

JAMES PROKES, 7850 S. Kenneth St., Chicago, Ill. 60652, buys timetables, cap badges, dater dies, brass lanterns, playing cards, keys, silverware, books.

MARTIN T. HAHN, 139 Richards Ave., Maple Shade, N.J. 08052, sells official PRR system wall maps in full color, size 20"x40", at $1.25 each. Also sells Official PRR and PRSL block sheets from old Atlantic Division towers from 1940's and 1950's. Send SSE for free list.

GERALD CARSON, 11945 Gay Glen, Bridgeton, Mo., 63043, sells duplicate color slides diesel and steam, black and white prints. Sample and catalog, 35¢. Buys original steam and early diesel slides and negatives.

WOODY HUDDLESTON, Box 273, Whitehouse, Fla. 32220, sells rulebooks, tts., other railroadiana. 35" by 45" rail map of eastern USA, bright colors, on heavy art paper, postpaid in heavy cardboard tube $7.95. SSE for list.

DWIGHT SMITH, 97 Bartley Ave., Portland, Maine 04103, sells back issues Trains, Model Railroader, other magazines, timetables, guides, maps, booklets, miscellaneous railroadiana. List and gift, 25¢.

FOR SALE; railroad emblem watch fobs in colored porcelain, only $2.50 each, over 60 different. Stamp for free list. Also have bolo ties and belt buckles.—Hoover's, 120B Fruit, Peru, Ill. 61354.

ROGER ARCARA, 1432 Leland Ave., Bronx, N.Y. 10460, sells reconditioned cameras, sizes 120-620, 116-616, for large oblong negatives. Details free.

WAYNE YORK, 643 E. Wood, Versailles, Ohio 45380, will sell Fairbanks-Morse 14" diameter emblem; brass 1941 Alco-GE builder's plate; Baldwin-Lima-Hamilton, Whitcomb, rectangular EMD builder's plates; others. Stamped envelope, please.

DICK MORHARD, 14 Rogers Lane, Smithtown, N.Y. 11787, sells 35mm slides, prints, negatives, and railroadiana. Send SSE for list. (New list)

BRIAN BLACK, 6207 Palmetto, Amarillo, Texas 79106, will buy any copy of Iron Horses of the Santa Fe Trail, by E.D. Worley; state condition and price.

SAFETY VALVE, 186 Summer St., Andover, Mass. 01810, live steam ¾" scale loco castings, American and English types. Fittings, plans and books. Catalog 25¢.

NORTH ALABAMA RAILROAD CLUB PICTORIAL, Box 4163, Huntsville, Ala. 35802. 1972 Pictorial of Club Activities. Forty photos and ten pages of text. Spring and fall excursion pictures featuring locomotive No. 77. Much information on this outstanding Club. $1 postpaid.

DAVE READ, 227 Myrtle Dr., Augusta, Ga. 30904, sells prints of SE diesels; list and sample 25¢. Trades 35mm negatives for those of other areas. Buys, sells, and trades train orders and employee timetables. Wants anything on Columbus & Greenville except train orders.

DAVID GRINER, 197 Lakeview Circle, Wahiawa, Hawaii 96786, wants Motive Power of the UP and Vol. 1; also steam locomotive technical manuals and engineering books.

R.N. MANSLEY, 7722 Loretto Ave., Philadelphia, Pa. 19111, sells History of the Reading by Jay V. Hare, former secretary and treasurer, Reading Company. 47 rare articles, dated 1909 to 1914, covering the main line, 25 branches, 2 canals. Privately published, limited edition, 500 copies. $14.50 postpaid, insured. Send for brochure.

PHILIP DAHL, 322 Laurel St., Batavia, Ill. 60510, trades Burlington Northern train orders, CB&Q train orders, train sheets and wheel reports, for train orders of other railroads.

ED GARDNER, 22 Garden Ave., Mountaintop, Pa. 18707, sells profusely illustrated book, Public Service Fast Line, story of Trans-State Route through the heart of New Jersey, $1.25 per copy. Book, Collecting Railroad and Trolley Timetables as a Hobby, 112 pages, 8½"x11", plastic bound, $5.00 per copy. See timetables and photos of Pittsburgh & West Virginia, Wilkes-Barre & Hazleton, hundreds of rare trolley and railroad timetables and photos. A must for the collector. Also, large 11"x17" book, Timetable Review of the Pennsylvania Railroad, 100 pages, plastic bound, listing Pennsy public timetables with rare illustrations of old forms, predecessor lines' timetables, advertisements, postcards, only $5 per copy. All Pennsy fans will want this "priceless" book. Sells Pennsy form 1 system timetables July 30, 1967, issue $1 each; Amtrak complete system folder, January 16, 1972, for 75¢ each, Amtrak form 3 timetable folder, Montreal to Washington, September 29, 1972, for 75¢ each.

WALTER WILK, Box 5424, Detroit, Mich. 48211, sells 35mm color slides of Cass Shays, Monongahela, Algoma Central, Toronto, Hamilton & Buffalo. SSE for free list.

EAKLES HILLE, 224 Denison St., Little Rock, Ark. 72205, sells and trades train orders, train sheets and tie date nails. Buys dining-car silverware and china, (SSE)

LES ANDREWS, 4231 S.W. 38th St., Hollywood, Fla. 33023, sells photos Amtrak and pre-Amtrak cars, diesels, stations. Buys, sells, swap negatives, Graflex or equal quality. Prefers 2¼x2¾, 2¼x3¼.

FRANK IGLESIAS, 720 W. Grace St., Chicago, Ill. 60613, has timetables for sale; send SSE for list.

ROGER TESKEY, 836 Elm Ave., Windsor, Ont., Canada N9A543, wishes to trade original Kodak 35mm color slides for your area in California, Oregon, Washington, Colorado.

EUGENE ZANK, 1414 Eastward, Alma, Mich. 48801, selling out Off. Guides 1951 to 1969, tts. and emp. tts., 1930's to present. Other railroadiana; buys same of railroads running in Mich; list 166.

RICHARD SAUSE, 433 Castleton Ave., Staten Island, N.Y. 10301, will custom-enlarge your favorite railroad slides or color negatives into 8x10 full-color prints for $3.98. Each additional print from same negative or slide, $1.

BUYING OLD TIMETABLES, books, passes, Off. Guides, etc., collections especially. Also selling timetables and railroadiana, reasonable prices; list free.—John Weston, Box 339, Wilmette, Ill. 60091.

LACKAWANNA'S last main line tt., Sept. 5, 1960, $1.25 each. Also colorful 20-page booklet titled: The Story of Phoebe Snow, $5.—Launcelot Erickson, P.O. Box 153, Pleasant Prairie, Wis. 53158.

ALFRED GAUS, Saunders Company, West Washington Square, Philadelphia, Pa. 19105, wants color photos of Pennsy silver GG-1's and Aerotrain, plus views along Reading Company's Fox Chase, Newtown, and Frankford branches during steam and diesel days.

E. KLEEMANN, 302 Vanida Dr., Camillus, N.Y. 13031, has top mount, full-size, steam locomotive bell complete, for sale best offer. Looks like 1913 Baldwin; photo $1.

MURRAY DEY, 15265 Winchester Blvd., 8W, Los Gatos, Calif. 95030, wants B&W negatives of UP turbines, UP, SP and GN steam.

ROGER CORTANI, 1286 Munro, Campbell, Calif. 95008, buys B&W negatives of 1st-generation diesels on western roads.

RALPH MILLER, 742 W. St. Paul Ave., Waukesha, Wis. 53186, offers privately circulated railroadiana and railroad wreck "prints." (Guaranteed to please all!) List, sample, 25¢.

SELLING KEROSENE hand lanterns, NYO&W, Erie, NYNH&H, others. Send large SSE and 10¢ for list.—Philip Simms, Montgomery, N.Y. 12549.

RAILROAD COLLECTIBLES. A new 1973 Junior Size Encyclopedia covering headlamps to playing cards. Entertaining and informative reading for all antique railroad collectors and model builders or money back. $2.95 postpaid. 48-hour service. Neil Utberg, Box 420, Edinburg, Texas 78539.

TOM McINENLY, 100 DeHaven Dr. #205, Yonkers, N.Y. 10703, buys out of print Bound Vols. Trains Mag., also F.M. Bldrs. Plates, pref. C-liner & T.M.

NEIL SHANKWEILER, Box 18098, Denver, Colo. 80218, sells original diesel negatives and slides of many United States railroads. SSE for free list.

LANTERNS: 1920's Erie, red globe; Pennsylvania, white globe; $30 pair. Indoor-outdoor locomotive plaque, 27" brass-finished; $15. Rail miscellany: patches, books, tickets, postcards, all $9. ACF

subway builder's plate $4. My drawings reproduced on 8 coasters, $2.90. Sample coaster, 25¢. Satisfaction guaranteed. (SSE) Denise Ferrari, 274 Emerson Ave., Bronx, N.Y. 10465.

C.K. GIVEN, 2557 S. Parkview Drive, Norristown, Pa. 19401, sells new and used HO trolley cars. For list and pictures send SSE.

JIM DAVIES, 78 Warren Pl., Ridgewood, N.J. 07450, sells railroadiana of B&O, DL&W, Erie, EL, NYNH&H, PC, short Class I Roads, railroad and model rr. books. Ask for list desired. (Large SSE.)

LARRY EASTWOOD, Box 41, Huntington Valley, Pa. 19006, sells RDG, PRSL, PC public timetables. List for 16¢ stamp. Wants CNJ, RDG, MEC, B&M, WM annual reports, KCS, B&M, MEC, BAR, CNJ, WM, TH&B public timetables.

TED McQUINN, 204 Fairfax Rd., Riverview Heights, N.B., Canada, sells Canadian National locomotive blueprints, Canadian National and Canadian Pacific negatives. List 50¢.

M&S PUBLICATIONS, 2517 Yow Rd., Greenboro, N.C. 27407, sells b&w prints, steam and diesel. Large list, 25¢.

FCC TIE CLASP or tie tac, $2 each postpaid. Choice of following colors: blue and white, green and white, orange and cream, red and white, orange, yellow. Railroad and bus items available. Transportation Jewelry, Box 214R, Fall River, Ma. 02724.

BOB THOMPSON, Quaker Street Village, N.Y. 12141, buys railroad fiction. Special interests: Alvah Milton Kerr, Young Heroes of Wire and Rail; Kirk Parson, On The Mountain Division; Frank Packard, On The Iron at Big Cloud; James Earp, Boomer Jones; E.W. Swan, Along the Line; Grace White, The Great Express Robbery. Also interested in pre-1929 Railroad Man's Magazine.

OLD RADIO programs on cassettes or reels. Your favorite shows return. We have thousands of programs to choose from: Amos and Andy, Fred Allen, I Love a Mystery, Inner Sanctum, Sherlock Holmes, etc. Send 50¢ to Remember Radio, Inc., Box 2513U, Norman, Okla. 73069, for our catalog.

STEVE DOWNEY, P.O. Box 3477, Hialeah, Fla. 33013, will trade locomotive slides of his area for those of Nebraska, Kansas, and Texas railroads.

ORIGINAL (not duplicate) 35mm color slides of electric traction subjects from the U.S.A., Canada, Mexico, and Western Europe. Over 25,000 slides available. Five sample slides of our choice for $1 and a #10 SSE. Mail answered promptly.—Traction Slides International, 2160 Washington St., Merrick, N.Y. 11566.

ARNOLD B. JOSEPH, 2512 Tratman Ave., Bronx, N.Y. 10461, sells back issues of Railroad Trains, many other rail and rail model mags. Also sells rr. passes, public TT's, and old railroad books. Also buys collections. Please send 16¢ stamped envelope for lists, and specify interests.

FOR SALE: All-Time Catalogue of Interurban and Street Railway Books and Bulletins, North American edition, 63 pages, $3.50. Also Ideas and Standards for HO Trolley Layouts, 8 pages, 85¢.—R.F. Radway, 22495 Ray, Detroit, Mich. 48223.

WANT TO REALLY DO something about passenger trains? Write us.—Naptras, 621 West Willow, Lombard, Ill. 60148. Naptras . . . Helping to make the trains worth traveling again.

RAILROAD, steamship, and airline single playing cards and matchbooks, hundreds, sold individually, end duplication as when buying "assortments." List, 3 Stamps or 25¢.—Don Woods, 8380 Riverside Dr., Novelty, Ohio 44072.

FLAG STOP STATION, P.O. Box 1026, Waterloo, Iowa 50701, Rock Island (or CRI&P RR) employee's magazine, 45 issues, 1931-1960; best offer, F.O.B.

R. WALTON, 1745 Sharon Pl., San Marino, Calif. 91108, will buy "Haywire Mac" McClintock records and memorabilia.

JAMES ANGEL, 2948 Oxford Dr., Bettendorf, Iowa 52722, sells Trains bound, excellent. Vols. 9, 15, 16, $15 each.

SAM FORREST, 315 N. 33rd St., Richmond, Va. 23223 (tel. 703-226-9110), will sell railroad velocipede, probably Fairbanks-Morse, for $450 or best offer.

THE RAILROADER, a paper serving the railroad buff featuring consist 300 Club and Passenger Train News. Send 30¢ for sample copy or $1 for 4 issues by mail.—Oscar Hudson, editor and publisher; Rick Peterson, assistant editor; 4760 N. Durfee St., El Monte, Calif. 91732.

JAMES PALLAS, 45-35 163rd St., Flushing, N.Y. 11358, sells employees timetables from 1940's, '50's. Send SSE for list. Buys original slides of rare and modern units on approval.

TIMETABLES, locks, keys, passes, stocks, etc. Send 25¢ in coin for list. Railroadiana Sale #1. California Southern RR Museum, P.O. Box 94, Colton, Calif. 92324.

DICK VARTABEDIAN, 16575 Whitcomb, Detroit, Mich. 48235, seeks 35mm color slide traders in Washington, Oregon, Tennessee, North Carolina, southern Illinois. Also Montreal, western Canadian provinces.

BOXED set Chessie system cats playing cards, $5. Penn Central, Kansas City Southern, B&O, C&O. Railroad Adlake hand kerosene lanterns. Mint condition only. Red, green, clear yellow, or blue. Each $19. Postage 90¢.—John Stone, 6810 Chambers Ave., Cleveland, Ohio 44105.

RICHARD BARRETT, 176 South Goodman St., Rochester, N.Y. 14607, sells original builders' photos from Alco files 1905-1935, original PRR calendar prints, and book, When Rochester Rode by Rail. (SEE)

ALDEN MILLER, 3212-34th Ave. South, Minneapolis, Minn. 55406, wants railroad-travel vacation movies, other movie subjects, as toy train collections and operating layouts.

W.O. HARPP, 103 Mulberry, Pioneer, Ohio 43554, buys, trades, rulebooks, emp. tts., switch keys and switch locks. Also Wabash steam and diesel pix, EJ&E pix, tts. and rulebooks.

TOM FRANCIS, 702 Railroad St., Ypsilanti, Mich. 48197, publishes Rail Blazer, newsletter, $2.50 year. Rail news and features. Free sample.

FRESH FACTORY-PACKED Kodachrome film with Kodak processing mailer, $4.75 per 36-exposure roll. No mimimum order. Sent same day as received. Specify Kodachrome II or X. Traction Slides International, 2160 Washington Street, Merrick, N.Y. 11566.

Coming Events

April 29-May 20: Caribbean cruise and rail trip, incl. Disney World; return on Amtrak "Sunset" to West Coast. Write Jim Weinberger, tour director, Pacific Coast Chap., R&LHS, Box 3552, San Francisco, Calif. 94119.

May 2, 5, 12, 19, 22, 26: visit Niagara Falls from Windsor, Ont., by CNR train and bus. Adults, $22, $24; kids special rate. Emarcy Tours, P.O. Box 1287, Detroit, Mich. 48231.

May 5: B&M "State of Maine Express" trip tying in with annual meeting of R&LHS on May 6: Boston, Worcester, Lowell, Portland, Boston. Contact Frank Kyper, trip chairman, Mass. Bay Div., R.R. Enthusiasts, Box 136, Ward Hill, Mass. 01830.

May 5: "Ecology Express," environmental education tour of Schuylkill Valley (Phila.-Pottsville). Write Harry Hyde, Jr., Delaware Valley Citizens Committee for Better Transportation, P.O. Box 429, Bryn Mawr, Pa. 19010.

May 6: diesel-powered Reading excursion, Phila. Chap., NRHS, P.O. Box 7302, Philadelphia, Pa. 19101.

May 15, 16: 16th annual Transportation Seminar on campus; panelists, speakers. Write Paul A. Dowd, Pub. Relations Dir., St. Anslem's College, Manchester, N.H. 03102.

May 26, 27: Hoboken, N.J., to Binghamton, N.Y., steam spectacular via Erie Lackawanna, 410 miles round trip behind Reading 2102, movie run-bys, photo stops, $39.95 adults, kids $22. Third annual Golden Spike Reunion banquet, Binghamton, Sat. eve, May 26, $7.50. Contact High Iron Co., P.O. Box 200, Lebanon, N.J. 08833; or call 201 236-2200.

May 26, 27: International N. Amer. Trackless Trolley Assn. convention, Toronto. Write 1973 Convention Committee, 447 Roehampton Ave., Toronto, Ont., Canada, M4P 1S3.

June 3: Bus tour of abandoned NYO&W Southern Div., all depots, bridges, yards, tunnels, etc., Cornwall to Liberty, N.Y. Contact O&W Chap. of NRHS, P.O. Box 713, Middletown, N.Y. 10940.

June 8-10: Mid-Rail '73, first annual Midwest regional railfan congress, Pick-Congress Hotel, Chicago. Sat., Sun. excursions, Sat. eve. banquet, other activities. Write Mid-Rail '73, Blackhawk Chap., NRHS, P.O. Box 455, Aurora, Ill. 60507.

June 10: 5-hour streetcar excursion on Toronto lines, start 12 noon St. Clair carbarn. Advance fare, $5.75, fare on day of trip, $6.75. Write Ken Springirth, Northwestern Electric Traction Assn. Inc., 4720 Cliff Dr., Erie, Pa. 16511.

June 16: Railfan's Day for narrow-gage steam, Edaville R.R., South Carver, Mass., one-day trip ticket plus railfan club card good all day riding. Contact Skipper Clark, 21 Endicott St., Newton Highlands, Mass. 02161.

June 16-July 5; July 15-Aug. 1: Scandinavia by Rail; visit Denmark, Sweden, Finland. Write V. Allen Vaughn, secretary, Overland Chap., NRHS, 320 Wisconsin Ave., Apt. 511, Oak Park, Ill. 60302.

January Abandonments

Penn Central—1.87 miles, trackage rights over Louisville & Nashville, Dewey to Otter Creek Jct., Ind.; 10.1 miles, Waterloo to Pleasant Lake, Ind.; 3.6 miles, Watertown branch, Highland Jct., to Watertown, Conn.; 5.9 miles, Bankers to Fort Wayne Jct., Mich.; 5.4 miles, Horton to Haires, Mich.; 9.5 miles, South Little Falls to Ilion, N.Y.; 3.6 miles, Middlebush to East Millstone, N.J.; 1.1. miles, portion Big Run branch, Clearfield County, Pa.; 2.0 miles, portion of Philipsburg secondary track, Loch Lomond Jct., to Philipsburg, Pa.; 3.9 miles, Atlas to Saltsburg, Pa.; 29.0 miles, Valley branch, Fredonia to Falconer, N.Y.

Philadelphia, Baltimore & Washington (PC)—17.43 miles, Otter Creek Jct., to Rockville, Ind.; 14.46 miles, Crawfordsville to Colfax, Ind.; 8.96 miles, Colfax to Frankfort, Ind.

Northern Central Ry. (PC)—16.8 miles, Stanley to Newark, N.Y.

Beech Creek R.R. and Penn Central—5.1 miles, Mill Hall Industrial Track, McElhattan to Lock Haven, Pa.

Peoria & Eastern Ry.—3 miles, Speedway to Clermong, Ind.

Spokane, Portland & Seattle (Burlington Northern)—23.14 miles, branch line, yard and spur, Banks to Vernonia, Ore.

Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh and Baltimore & Ohio—2.96 miles, portion of Adrian branch, Jefferson County, Pa.

Baltimore & Ohio—12.16 miles, portion Midvale branch, Monroe to Midvale, W. Va.

Total abandonments authorized by ICC for Jan.—179.98 miles.

Proposed Jan. Abandonments

Penn Central—South Danville to Wilkes-Barre, Pa.; Walton Jct., to Traverse City, Mich.; Columbus to Flat Rock, Ind.; Fenns to Shelbyville, Ind.; Rays Crossing to Rushville, Ind.; Mt. Gilead to Heath, Ohio; Howard to Holmesville, Ohio; New Castle to Houston Jct., Pa.; Vincennes Secondary Track, Edwardsport to Vincennes, Ind.; portion of Redstone secondary track, West Brownsville to Vances Mills, Pa.; Farrell to Farrona, Ohio & Pa.; trackage rights over Western Maryland, Penna to Cumberland, Md.; portion Ridgeway, Elk and Jefferson counties, Pa.; Carey to Vanlue, Ohio; Clermont industrial track, Coryville to Smethport, Pa.; Bedford to Penna, Pa.; Lykens Valley Jct. secondary track, Millersburg to Elizabethville, Pa.; Ontario secondary track, Williamson to Union Hill, N.Y.; portion of Northern branch, Bryan to North Paulding, Ohio; Marietta branch, Marietta to Dexter City, Ohio; Cockeysville to Hyde, Md.; Mathews to Muncie, Ind.; Bellefontaine to St. Marys, Ohio.

Chicago & Eastern Illinois—Fayville Jct., to Thebes Jct., Ill.; Joppa Jct., to Fayville, Jct., Ill.; Rockview to Chaffee, Mo.

Chicago & North Western—Conover to Philps, Wis.

Burlington Northern—Amazonia to Savannah, Mo.; Tarkio to Westboro, Mo.

Marinette, Tomahawk & Western—Tomahawk to Kings, Wis.

Chesapeake & Ohio—Kinde to Port Austin, Mich.; Port Huron to Croswell, Mich.

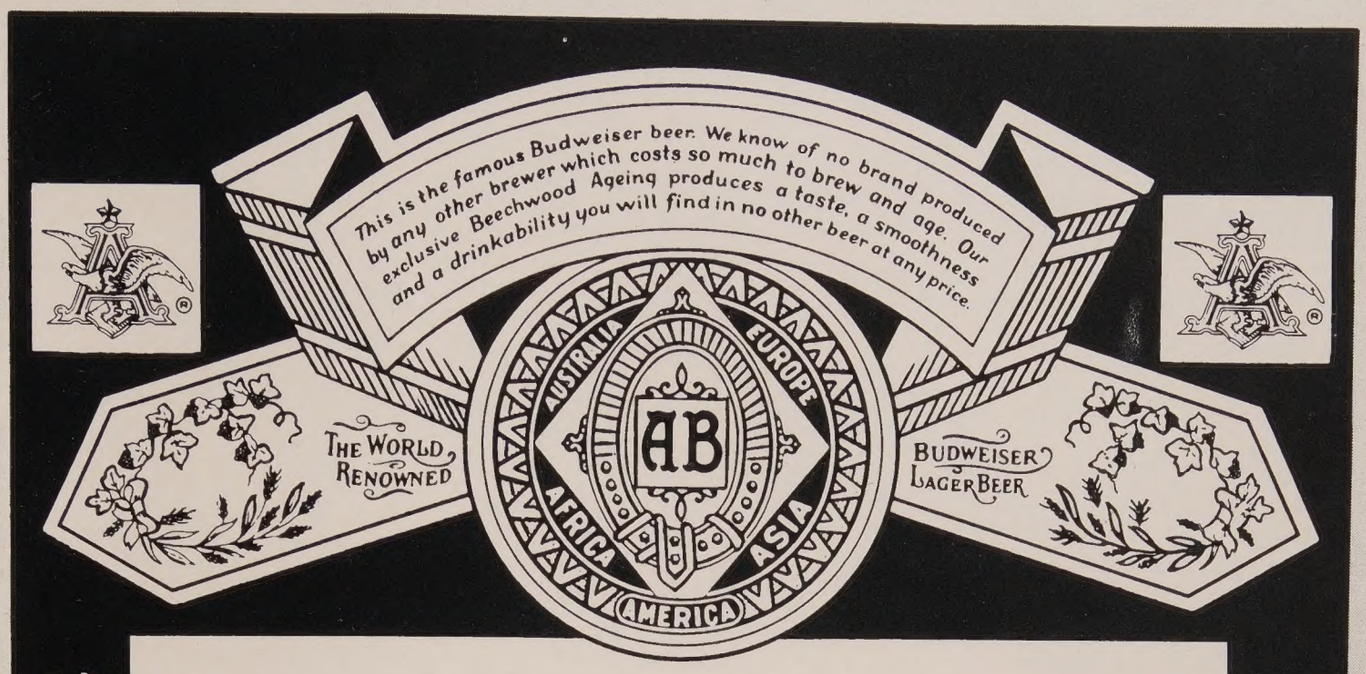
New Mexico Central Ry. and Santa Fe—Willard to Calvert, N.M.

Rock Island—Lafayette to Toulon, Ill.

Southern Pacific—Dantoni Jct., to Dantoni, Calif.; portion Jefferson St. branch, Portland, Ore.

Southern—Selma, Tarboro, N.C., to Pinners Pt., Va.

Kansas & Missouri Ry. & Terminal Co.—intersection of 3rd and New Jersey Ave. and Matoon yard, Kansas City, Mo.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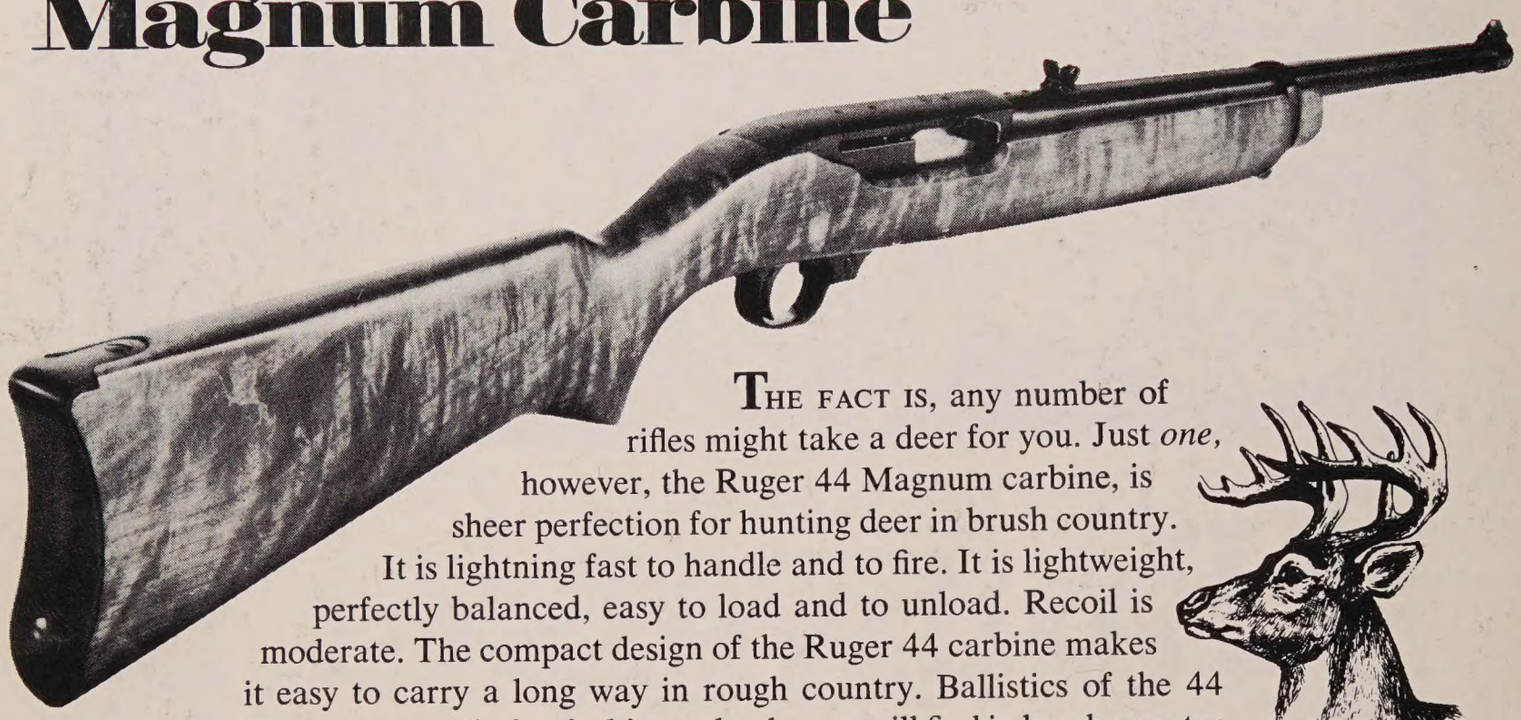

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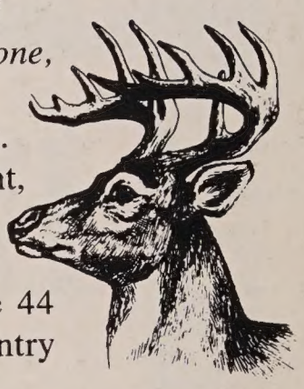

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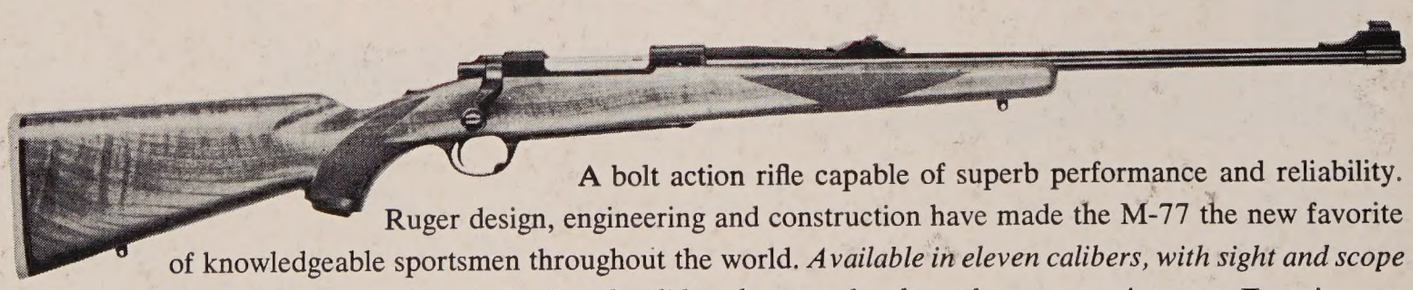

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